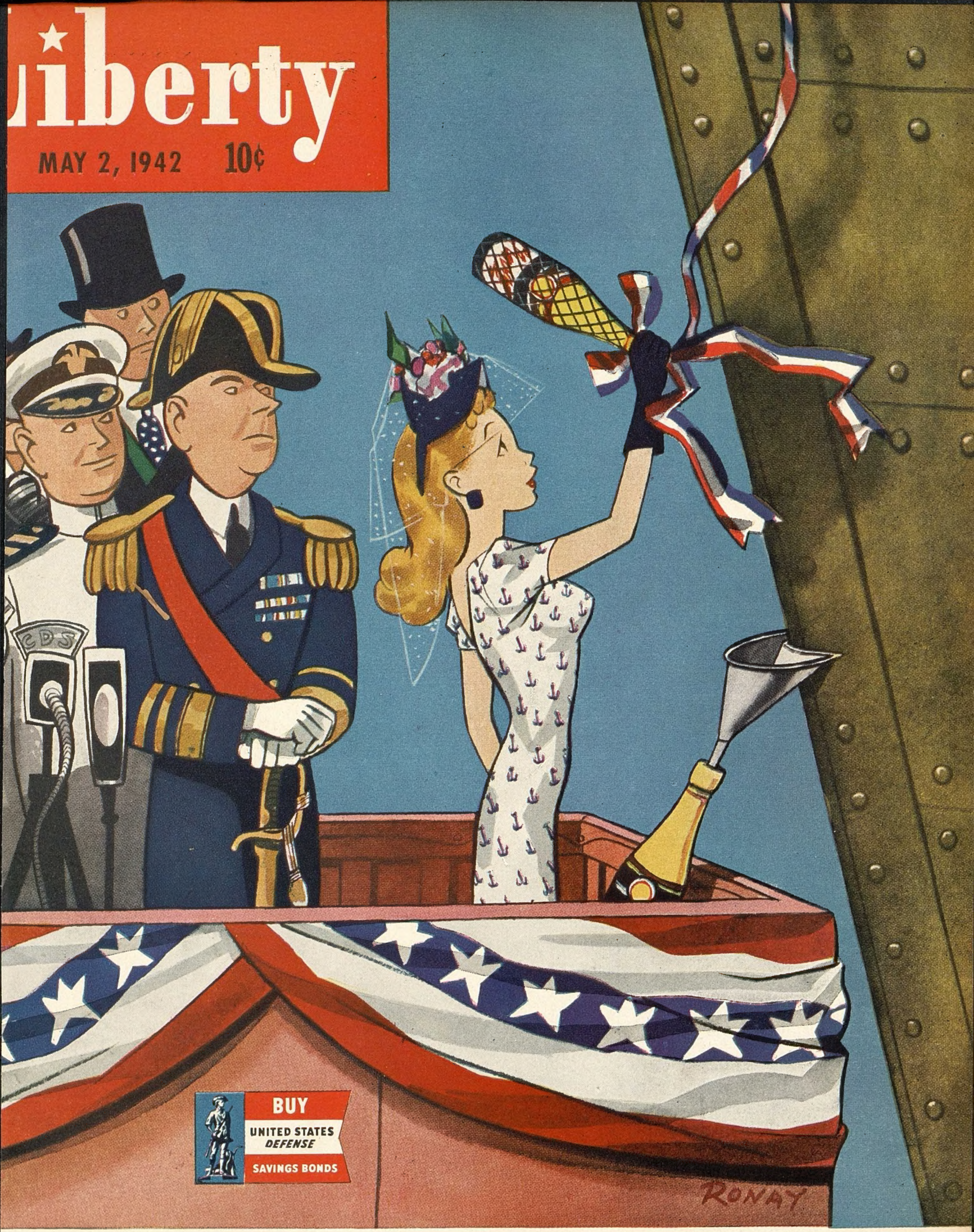
Liberty

MAY 2, 1942 10¢


CDS
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UNITED STATES
DEFENSE
SAVINGS BONDS
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EFENSE WILL NOT WIN THE WAR

BY W. F. KERNAN
LT. COL., U. S. ARMY

A Liberty Condensation of the Year's Most Important Book

WANTED—
A HUNGRY NATION!

It's healthy to be hungry at mealtime —to have an appetite. And one of America's greatest blessings is that it has the variety and quality of foods with which to satisfy the hunger of good health.

We want a strong *nation—sturdy —active. This is why* appetizing foods, *temptingly served, make so great a contribution to our health.*

• • •

VOLUMES have been written about the all-important vitamins and minerals and other factors which are distributed by nature through our food supply. Much more *should* be said about these essentials.

But let's not forget that the best fuel won't run your car without a spark to ignite it. Perhaps not enough has been said about the appealing color of certain foods, about the crunchy, satisfying flavor of other dishes, about the mouth-watering goodness of still other things to eat.

And so those foods which appeal to our senses and which we eat with relish and gusto also do their part in mealtime morale building, in satisfying that very human thing called the appetite!

Many a wholesome food is offered to you with no greater claim to fame than that it looks or tastes *good*. And, in fact, the foods that are good for you do taste good. Don't neglect these foods nor the merchants who offer them to you. They contribute to our government's program for a strong nation.

This message is approved by the office of Paul V. McNutt, Director of Defense Health and Welfare Services. It is brought to you as our contribution to National Nutritional Defense by Liberty.

THE *MAGIC* FOODS

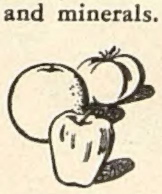
It takes only a few kinds of simple foods to provide a sound nutritional foundation for buoyant health. Eat each of them daily. Then add to your table anything else you like which agrees with you.

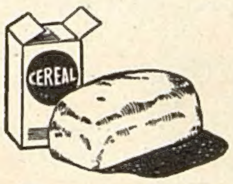
MILK AND CHEESE—especially for Vitamin A, some of the B vitamins, protein, calcium, phosphorus. Vitamin D milk for the "sunshine" vitamin.

MEAT, eggs and sea food—for proteins and several of the B-Complex vitamins; meat and eggs also for iron.

GREEN AND YELLOW vegetables for B vitamins, Vitamin A, Vitamin C and minerals.

FRUITS and fruit juices—for Vitamin C, other vitamins and minerals.





BREAD, enriched or whole grain, and cereals with milk or cream, for B vitamins and other nutrients.

Enough of these foods in your daily diet and in the diets of all Americans will assure better health for the nation, will increase its energies to meet today's emergencies.

Food will build a NEW America

CONTROL OF THE AIR IS VITAL TO VICTORY

★ ★

"KEEP 'EM FLYING!"

America today is fighting for its life. Are you content to let somebody else do the fighting for you? If not, this is your chance. Get in there and "keep 'em flying!"

The U. S. Army Air Corps needs young men with courage and patriotism as Aviation Cadets — to become bombardiers, navigators and pilots — "The Three Musketeers" of the Army Air Force!

You are now eligible if you are over 18 and under 27, in good physical condition, and either married or single. An intelligence test determines whether you are qualified to complete the Aviation Cadet course. No credits from educational institutions are required for bombardier, navigator or pilot training.

When you have successfully completed about 7½ months of the world's finest aviation training, you will become a Flying Officer ready for active duty!

Don't wait another day to call at the nearest Army Recruiting and Induction Station and get full details on how you can become a Flying Officer in the Army Air Corps. LET'S GO!

U.S. ARMY

RECRUITING AND INDUCTION SERVICE

• *Visit or write the nearest U. S. Army Recruiting and Induction Station or write to: "The Commanding General," of the Corps Area nearest you:*

First Corps Area....................Boston, Mass.
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Fourth Corps Area....................Atlanta, Ga.
Fifth Corps Area, Fort Hayes, Columbus, O.
Sixth Corps Area........................Chicago, Ill.
Seventh Corps Area................Omaha, Nebr.
Eighth Corps Area, Fort Sam Houston, Tex.
Ninth Corps Area........Fort Douglas, Utah
Or write to Enlisted Division, B-5, A.G.O.,
Washington, D. C.

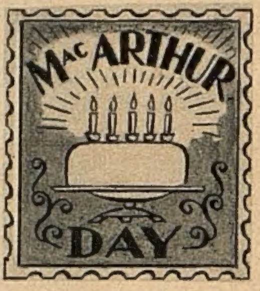
LET'S GO! U.S.A. KEEP 'EM FLYING!

★ *Full information at your local branch of the Junior Chamber of Commerce; B. P. O. E. (Elks); Veterans of Foreign Wars or the American Legion.*

Vox Pop

"Voice of the People"

A TRIBUTE TO THE HERO OF 1942



Kansas City, Mo.—Since General MacArthur has proved himself the embodiment of American courage and ingenuity, why don't we give credit where credit is due, by celebrating his birthday as a national holiday?

On MacArthur Day we could have parties and other celebrations, the net proceeds of which would be invested in Defense Bonds.—*Ross H. Latshaw.*

ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT! THEY'RE BACK

Columbus, Ohio—Hey! What! A war going on, and you cut out Hardtack from the March 28 Liberty!—*C. M. Yagla.*

Shreveport, La.—I have a beef to make about the March 28 Liberty. I've been reading Liberty a long time. I found your Short Shorts one of the most enjoyable things about it. So don't stop giving them to us now, but keep them up.—*Bobby Hemperley.*

SHALL WE ENLARGE THE DICTIONARY?

Indianapolis, Ind.—I want to introduce a new word in the vocabulary of the English language: petocracy, to be used in contradistinction to plutocracy or aristocracy. The word is constructed from a Greek word meaning poor. A democracy controlled by the poor or employees could be called a petocracy.

This is purely a philological suggestion and has no reference to or bearing on politics.—*H. A. Henderson, Lecturer, Butler University.*

IMAGINE MR. LITVINOV'S SURPRISE!

Dooley, Mont.—The military highway from the United States across Canada to Alaska will very likely become a reality in the near future. If it is possible to build either a highway or a railroad thus far, why wouldn't it also be possible for the Russians to build one on the Siberian mainland to some point on the Bering Sea?

If this were done, we could (or so it seems to me) very easily by a short ferry or air transport send all kinds of military equipment to the Russians and the Chinese without fear of having the line of communications cut. If the idea has any merit, I would suggest that Vox Pop contact Mr. Litvinov, who in turn could take it up with his boss, Joe.

Let's win the war by keeping the supply lines open.—*Mike Bodahl.*

YOU MAY BE RIGHT, SIR, BUT DOGGONE, E. T. IS NO HE: SEE?

Arden, Del.—In Elswyth Thane's excellent story, From This Day Forward, in March 28 Liberty, E. T. says that Juanita (Lorelei) Donahue "took morning walks on the Green with . . . a powerful police dog tugging at a leash." My! My! Now that is something that a *police* dog would never, never do.

I'll bet my Defense Bonds E. T. wouldn't know a police dog if he did see it. No dog, regardless of breed, is a police dog unless it is trained to do police work—just as no Irishman is a cop unless he is on the force. He learns to walk with his head at his attendant's left knee, and not to leave that position without command or consent. That's why he never tugs at a leash. I have owned and worked real police dogs. If I don't know what I'm talking about, then a good part of my life has gone to the dogs.—*Russell Ramsey.*

BIG RED APPLE FOR THE TEACHERS

Milford, N. J.—Basketball's Li'l Abner, in March 21 Liberty, stated that Seton Hall lost only one game in the three years that this present squad has played together. Don't they count the pasting they took this season from Stroudsburg Teachers College? The Teachers lost three games in three years and only one this season. Doesn't the writer know about their "34-point-a-game Pete Pasko," who made Li'l Abner look bad in that game?

A lot of small colleges could trim the pants off the so-called big shots of basketball.—*Frank Smith, Director of Recreation.*

MAYBE THIS WANTS STREAMLINING, BUT IT'S AN IDEA

Tulsa, Okla.—I am a housewife. I have read that American housewives throw away enough bread to feed a good part of the people of Europe.

Couldn't we have stations where we could turn in our stale bread or unused bread, and couldn't it be used some way as food for people who are starving all over the world? Local grocery stores all over the country could be used as bread stations.—*Mrs. L. N. Van Antwerp.*

ALAS, YES, LADY; WE FLIV AND LEARN

Los Angeles, Calif.—

I had a little flivver
That was all bent up and old,
So I sold it quite unwisely
To the Japs for filthy gold.
I thought my bargain clever
As I pocketed my tin,
And thought the Japs so foolish
That I couldn't hide a grin.
But the Japs returned my flivver,
And myself I have to chide.
Yes, the Japs returned my flivver—
Returned it through my hide.
(And that ain't poetry, either!)—
Lena Baker Delzell.

JUST FOR A MINUTE YOU HAD BILL WORRIED

Seaside, Calif.—A carload of pickaxes to Bill Cunningham for his article A Sports Writer's Profession of Faith, in March 28 Liberty.

The pickaxes are to help Bill dig out another article along the same lines.—*Jason Adamson.*

GOOD ADVICE BY A MAN WHO DIDN'T NEED IT

Boston, Mass.—Every nation has a slogan. Japan's easily is "Keep 'Em Spying." We cannot always be watching the eavesdropper—but we can watch ourselves, and limit the amount of help to the aggressor. Coolidge's advice comes in handy now: "If you don't say anything, you won't be called on to repeat it."—*Al Smithtun.*

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How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Bundy

Babs: Alice is a swell girl, Mom, but something's missing. I just can't get a date for her. Maybe we ought to send her to your beauty shop—you know, glamour her up a bit.

Mrs. Brown: Glamour, my grandma! All that roommate of yours needs is a little get-up-and-go! A little whoosh. A little zip. A little *pep appeal!* Let me talk to her.

Alice: But what can I do, Mrs. Brown? If a girl hasn't got it, she hasn't got it.

Mrs. Brown: That's a lot of foolishness. I'll bet you haven't been eating right—not getting all your vitamins. And you can't expect to have pep unless you do! Come on, we'll make a start right now.

Kellogg's
PEP
VITAMIN (B1+D) ENRICHED

Mrs. Brown: See? This is KELLOGG'S PEP, a wonderful cereal made from choice parts of sun-ripened wheat. It contains extra-rich sources of the two vitamins most likely to be missing in ordinary meals—vitamins B_1 and D.

Alice: That's fine about the vitamins, Mrs. Brown—but why didn't you tell me PEP *tastes* so good? If getting the rest of my vitamins is as much fun as eating this swell cereal—I may have to get a date-book after all!

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of Vitamin B_1, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

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MAY 2, 1942

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COVER BY STEPHEN RONAY

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NEXT WEEK

May 9, 1942

MALTA—PAIN IN THE AXIS NECK

The most bombed spot in the world has been this little British island which nestles daringly in the Mediterranean fifty-eight short miles from hostile Sicily. Liberty's special war correspondent **Robert Low** recently came from there, after flying out from the island in a British bombing plane which was hit by enemy fire. He gives you an exciting account of his adventure—plus a vivid close-up of life on the desperately defended outpost which the Axis has tried so long to blast into surrender.

MALTA
TRIPOLI

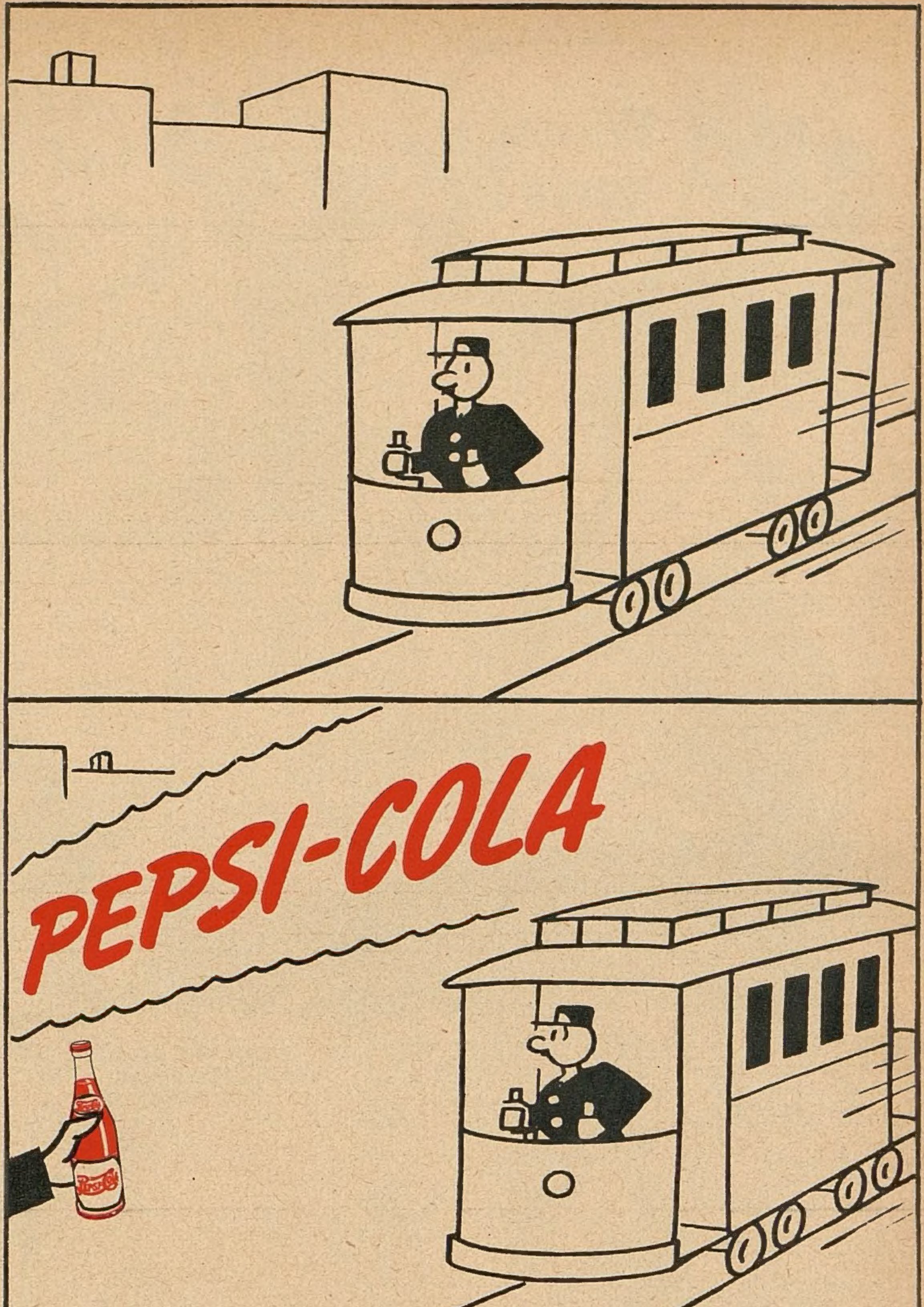
LONELY WOMEN—AMERICA'S NEW PROBLEM

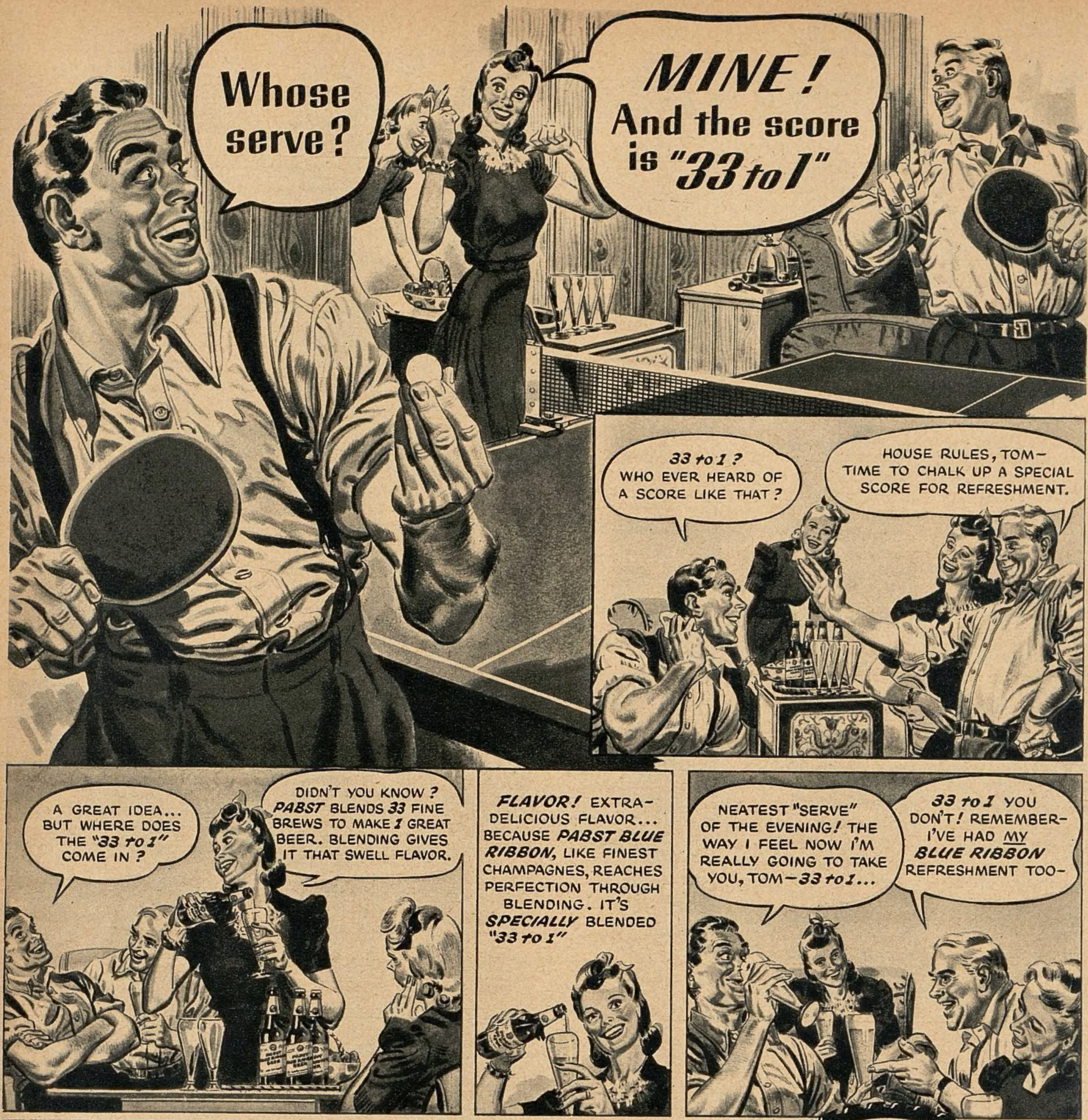
What will happen to the minds and hearts of the women from whom their men have been taken away by the war? What defense against loneliness can they find? That eminent champion of her sex, **Margaret Culkin Banning**, ponders these questions next week in a thoughtful, searching article.

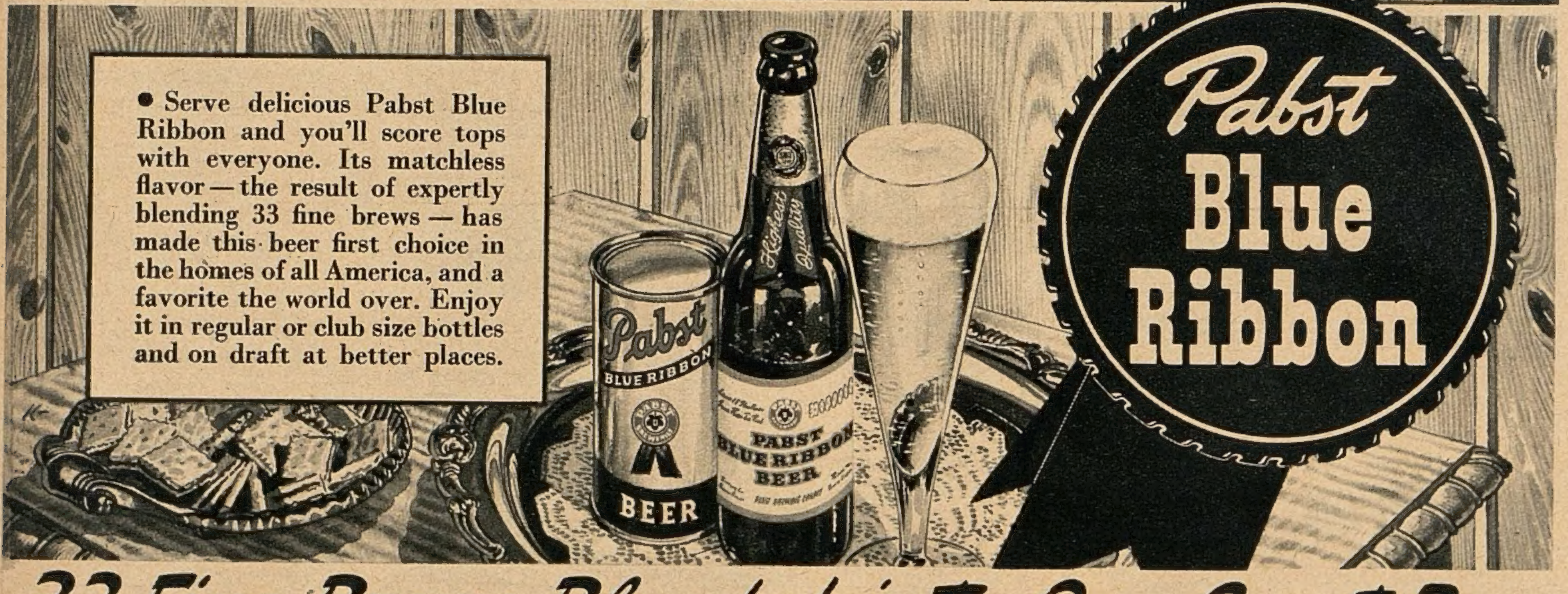
FINAL ROUND

by a Liberty newcomer, **Joel Reeve**, is a prize-ring story with heartthrob and a girl in it—as unusual a tale of its kind as you are likely to find. When a wearying champion fights his last fight to make two lovers' dreams come true, there's drama in the situation. Mr. Reeve handles it with showmanship and skill.

AND: **Bill Cunningham** and **Jack Mahon** contribute colorful facts about Louisville's coming Kentucky Derby Day . . . **Fred Allhoff** turns the gunfire of his typewriter on Tallulah Bankhead, now turning from the stage to conquer the radio . . . **Morris Markey** continues his Wine of Freedom series . . . There'll be fine stories by **Hagar Wilde**, **C. Lyn Fox**, and others, and many other features.




Whose serve?
MINE! And the score is "33 to 1"
33 to 1? WHO EVER HEARD OF A SCORE LIKE THAT?
HOUSE RULES, TOM—TIME TO CHALK UP A SPECIAL SCORE FOR REFRESHMENT.
A GREAT IDEA... BUT WHERE DOES THE "33 to 1" COME IN?
DIDN'T YOU KNOW? PABST BLENDS 33 FINE BREWS TO MAKE 1 GREAT BEER. BLENDING GIVES IT THAT SWELL FLAVOR.
FLAVOR! EXTRA-DELICIOUS FLAVOR... BECAUSE PABST BLUE RIBBON, LIKE FINEST CHAMPAGNES, REACHES PERFECTION THROUGH BLENDING. IT'S SPECIALLY BLENDED "33 to 1"
NEATEST "SERVE" OF THE EVENING! THE WAY I FEEL NOW I'M REALLY GOING TO TAKE YOU, TOM—33 to 1...
33 to 1 YOU DON'T! REMEMBER—I'VE HAD MY BLUE RIBBON REFRESHMENT TOO—


Pabst Blue Ribbon
Pabst BLUE RIBBON BEER
PABST BLUE RIBBON BEER

- Serve delicious Pabst Blue Ribbon and you'll score tops with everyone. Its matchless flavor — the result of expertly blending 33 fine brews — has made this beer first choice in the homes of all America, and a favorite the world over. Enjoy it in regular or club size bottles and on draft at better places.

33 Fine Brews Blended into One Great Beer

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TO AMERICA—FROM DOUGLAS MacARTHUR

☆ COURAGE! That was General Douglas MacArthur's first priceless gift to the people of America—to all the English-speaking world. We had been taking a licking. And it was hurting. Even the intrepid defenders of Wake Island had finally been carted to Japan.

All over the western Pacific the hissing and grimacing black angels of the Son of Heaven were chipping away at America's and Britain's vital outposts, sinking our ships, downing our planes, maiming and killing our men. The days dawned black, ended blacker.

Then, little by little, the American public began to realize that there was one outpost that wasn't falling. It seemed there was a man named MacArthur out in the Philippines who didn't like being pushed around and who was saying so to the Japs in the only language they knew how to understand. He said it with dive bombers. He said it with shells and bullets and cold steel bayonets. He said it with his own personal bravery and with the thing called leadership and with a military brain that kept outguessing his enemies. And all he had to fight with was a few Americans and Filipinos, underequipped, underarmed, cut off from any hope of help.

It was epic. The people of America stirred to that fight, thrilled to it, rose to it with the proud knowledge that American courage was a living thing—the thing that would win this war. And each one of us, somehow, partook of that new courage and felt strong.

That was MacArthur's first gift to his country. The second gift came from Australia. General MacArthur is speaking:

"There has been nothing more astonishing in the progress of war than the place that public opinion occupies. One cannot wage war under present conditions without the support of public opinion. . . . Men will not fight and die unless they know what they're fighting for and what they're dying for. . . . In democracies it is essential that the public know the truth. If the public doesn't know what's going on, trust their imaginations at once to come into play. If the people don't know, their confidence is reduced. Silence will begin to react against you. . . . To that end, my main purpose is not to suppress news from you, but to get news to you."

The sentences quoted above are only part of a statement made by MacArthur to a group of Australian and American newspapermen. But they carry the gist of what he said. His words struck home in Washington. They struck deep. For now Douglas MacArthur was proving himself more than a great general. He was proving himself a great statesman.

More and more we Americans will get the truth about this war and the conduct of this war. And as we get it we can give thanks to MacArthur for seeing that we need it—and for saying so. That is MacArthur's second priceless gift to the United States—confidence!

His third is youth. He has saved his lost generation. His own. The men of the sixties. They had been lost for two decades. In the 1920s, to be twenty meant the best jobs. There was scarcely a vice-president in the land past thirty-five. What Dr. Osler said about "the uselessness of men over forty" was more than a joke. It was a grim specter.

But MacArthur is sixty-two! Who would have thought it? Who would associate it with the on-your-toes, slightly swaggering stance, the visored cap at the jaunty angle, the alert poise of the head, like a youth's scenting action and battle and at once plunging in? MacArthur, with his wife and child, defying the foe's triple threat of earth, sea, and sky to land "down under" and rally the retreating forces of the men of good-will!

MacArthur sixty-two, Roosevelt sixty, Churchill sixty-seven! The men of the sixties have come into their own. You could tell that, the morning after MacArthur arrived—from the conductor on the train, the foreman at the derrick, the salesman at the store. Jaunty, like MacArthur's cap, was each step. An oak-tree straightness had come into the frame, a song into the heart. They were alive once more, and feared no defeat.

Courage, confidence, youth—in four short months MacArthur gave them all to America.

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WINE OF FREEDOM

Magyar dancers in Berlin's Lustgarten—back in 1934, when Hitler had been in power only a year.

ASSOCIATED PRESS PHO

Men and women are thirsting for it, dying for it today . . Here, from records and underground news, is the story of "conquered" Europe in 1942

BY MORRIS MARKEY

READING TIME ● 13 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

☆ MANY wise and thoughtful words have been spoken in recent months concerning the things we are fighting for: The four freedoms. Liberty and democracy. The worldwide brotherhood of man.

All of these are noble things indeed. They are well worth fighting for.

But, in the series of articles which will follow this one, the purpose is to lay before you something more urgent and immediate; something which strikes not at your ideals nor your conscience nor your brave beliefs in the higher destiny of mankind—but at your life itself: your roof and your stomach and your spirit, your family, your own personal and physical right to live a decent existence. The purpose is to lay before you what we are fighting *against*—what we have got to fight *against*—now, this minute, or be ruined forever.

The enemies who are this day trying to destroy us, to destroy you and the way you like to live, to destroy your town and the way it likes to get along, are cruel and vicious and implacable. They are Germans and Japanese. (The Italians fall into a somewhat different class.)

We Americans are likely to think of even the most crucial events of life as a sort of game, and to grumble sometimes a little ruefully that the Japs and the Germans do not play the game according to honest rules. When we do that, we overlook the fact that the Germans and the Japs do not think of these things as a game at all. Such a conception never enters their heads. They are engaged upon a staggering enterprise—for keeps. And they have but one simple rule in the whole deadly business: Kill and conquer.

It would serve no purpose to preach a sermon upon this theme. It *will* serve a purpose to give the facts. And so it is our intention to spread out in front of you the gruesome, detestable story of the things that have already happened to people of other countries who got in the way of German and Japanese ambitions to rule the world.

Those people are being dominated now with snarls and quick trigger fingers, with the harsh weapon of starvation—the hangman's rope always ready at hand. They are the subjects of a cold, carefully planned, deliberate reign of terror calculated to destroy their minds and their souls, even when their enfeebled bodies are allowed to survive.

Remember well that they are ordinary human beings, very much like ourselves in all the fundamental characteristics. The mere fact that they have what seem to us rather peculiar names does not mean that they have

PRESS ASSOCIATION, INC., PHOTO

onzentrations
der Standar

e grim gate of a concentration camp.

BRITISH COMBINE PHOTO

These were captured Russian civilians.

WIDE WORLD PHOTO

Saving their all from blitzed Coventry.

never heard of love, of a stolen kiss down by the garden gate, of laughter, and of God. That their homes are far away and their language is rather outlandish to our ears does not mean that they did not, before the scourge fell upon them, like music, and a good movie, and dancing on holidays, and a cold glass of beer when work was done.

Who are they, and what has happened to them since the invader marched in?

They are Frenchmen and Poles, Hollanders and Belgians, Danes and Czechs and Yugoslavs, Greeks and Norwegians, the people of Russia whose land was overrun in the first great eastern drive, and the people of China, along the Pacific rim, who were conquered by the Japs.

If we can make it plain enough to you what has happened to these men and women and children, then you will surely have a good notion of what could happen to you. Because it is a clear fact that the Germans and the Japanese hate Americans with a very special sort of hatred: a hatred caused by grinding jealousy and envy.

We believe that we can make it amply plain.

To begin with, there is the general picture, the broad outline sketched in for us by the usual sources of news from abroad.

As of France:

We know that more than 1,000,000 Frenchmen of fighting age are still in German prison camps. All of them are potential fathers of tomorrow's France, denied that right and duty by their imprisonment. The next generation of France will be weaker thereby. And the men themselves will be reduced to broken hulks by starvation and the frightful monotony of the prison camps.

Such food as they get the French people have to pay for. And they must pay, too, the whole day-by-day cost of the German Army of Occupation, which includes 30,000 secret police of the Gestapo who crawl and sneak through every French neighborhood.

France has been pillaged of its foodstuffs, looted of its materials, until rations are at the starvation level and business at a standstill—all but the business of making weapons for the German army. Even the food which we sent to the starving children of unoccupied France, the oil stocks which we sent to French North Africa, found their way quickly into German hands.

Thousands of young Frenchmen have been shipped off to Germany to work in factories. And countless French families have been deliberately broken up, their members scattered far and wide. The concentration camps are crowded to bursting.

Trade-unions in France have been abolished. Churches have been shut and priests degraded. Hundreds of hostages, innocent of any offense themselves, have been shot in cold blood in reprisal for demonstrations against the invading overlords.

As of Poland:

In Mein Kampf, Hitler grimly stated his dream of a Poland without Poles. And with that unhappy country beaten to her knees, he has set out to accomplish his ends. He announced that he did not intend to persuade the Poles to collaborate with the new German Order. They simply were not wanted,

"Higher civilization" in Poland: Nazis marching Jews off to a concentration camp.

were not good enough to fit into his new schemes for the world. So he started to kill them off.

Nearly 200,000 men and women and children of Poland have been hanged or shot since the German troops marched in. More than a million have been thrown into the two great concentration camps—and no live Pole has ever come out. They are forced to live like hated animals. They are urged to hurry up and die, so they will be out of the way. They are kicked and clubbed by German guards from morning until night.

Some thousands have been shipped off to be slaves in Germany proper. But a single day's collection of the corpses of starved Poles in Warsaw requires the grudged use of many motor trucks. The bodies are stripped naked and dumped into common graves—needless to say, without benefit of clergy.

As of Greece:

At the time of this writing, about 4,000 Greeks are dying every day. They are falling dead in the streets and the roadways—men and women and children—starved to death. The Italians and the Germans have stolen all their food, and forbid the importation of food.

These are the Greeks who were the admiration of the whole world, even of their enemies, a brief year ago. They fought bravely and fairly to defend their homes. And now they are not allowed even the grace of dying with dignity. They eat scraps and filth from the leavings of the overlords. It is not enough to sustain them. And so their wasted, racked bodies give up the spark of life.

As of Czecho-Slovakia:

All property seized. The usual looting of foodstuffs and materials. Only enough left to keep up a bare minimum of physical survival. Fabulous fines imposed upon a robbed and penniless people. Teachers and scholars, priests and preachers liquidated, on the German theory that even nonpolitical scholarship breeds a hunger for freedom.

A German policeman was killed in the Czech mining town of Kladno. The Gestapo seized the mayor and the members of the city council and tortured them to sweat out the name of the killer. It was finally discovered that the killer was himself a German soldier. But by that time the mayor had committed suicide in his cell.

As of Norway:

We have all read of the magnificent escapes to England, even to Canada and the United States. Hundreds of Norwegians have got away from their homes and their loved ones to join the fighting forces which would make Norway free again.

We have not read so much about the Norwegians who were caught in their efforts to get away, and summarily shot. But the total is large. Only recently, a pistol was found in a hut occupied by three young men, and their pitiful little knapsacks appeared to be packed for a journey. All three were shot without trial.

Norwegian children of high-school age have been shot, too, or sent to prison for long terms, for singing the wrong songs or making the wrong jokes.

The arch-traitor Quisling (do not doubt that we have Quislings in America) has been put into King Haakon's chair. And he has rules that all Norwegian boys and girls between ten and eighteen must enroll in the Nazi Youth Organization, to be taught the New Order under German instructors.

As of Holland—and Belgium—and Denmark:

The problem is somewhat different here. The Germans regard the Dutch and the Flemings and the Danes as kin to themselves, because of more or less common origin in the Teutonic race. That point of view, insulting as it is, has resulted in unusual efforts to make friends, to win these people over to a sort of minor partnership in the New Order.

The effort has not been successful; but before its failure was clear the usual penalties were paid to the conqueror. Dutch and Danish herds, among the finest dairy cattle in the world, were ruthlessly killed to feed the German divisions. And not even in the wooing of friends was savagery abandoned. Food supplies in Belgium were pillaged by the invaders, and thousands of Belgians died of malnutrition during the past winter. At this writing two items of news from Holland have just come in: Four Dutchmen have just been shot for possessing firearms. And thirty more have been ordered executed unless the person responsible for a train wreck is caught within five days.

Through the whole pattern of the conquest of Europe a fixed routine of subjugation runs without change.

The first automatic move of the invaders is to hunt out the printing presses and print millions of francs, or guilders, or kroner—whatever the money of the conquered country may be—and distribute it among their officers and soldiers and civil administrators, so that these become rich instantly. They can buy anything they want; the price makes no difference.

Then the press is taken over. All newspapers must print exactly what the Germans want them to print. Nothing less and nothing more.

Radios are confiscated—or dire penalties are set for listening to any programs save those broadcast by the Germans. Curfews are established.

Nobody may change his address or his job without written permission. Public gatherings are forbidden.

And, to back up the new rules, the firing squad is always on duty, the prisons and detention camps are hospitable, the hangman has his noose ready tied.

The fate of the Russians and Chinese whose land was overrun is too frightful even to suggest within the space of this introduction. But their story, too, will be told. For their suffering is something we must ponder as we balance our destiny at this critical moment.

As we have said, most of the things which have been touched upon above are a matter of general public record. But there are other records, not quite so public. Upon all the people who have been captured by the Germans there seems to rest a powerful and urgent instinct to tell America the truth about the way they are living now. And their cramped letters, written out of suffering in the dark of night, manage to sift through the blockades. They are borne away secretly to small boats waiting in hidden coves, or carried off by intrepid couriers bound out to Portugal or Sweden or Turkey.

And they reach America.

We shall present these reports to you in the articles to follow. They will fill out and make bitterly clear the picture of life as it goes on in those lands which once were as happy and contented in their peaceful labors and recreations as we are wont to be.

They will show, too, something else, something which is of the most crucial importance to us in the United States.

In one of his really immortal remarks, Adolf Hitler said: "The greatest of spirits can be liquidated if its bearer is beaten to death with a rubber truncheon."

That is, of course, the common German conception of human integrity, human nobility. Many Germans said words to the same effect before Hitler did. For the doctrine of the *Herrenvolk*, of superior beings destined to employ the rest of humankind as slaves, had its beginnings along the Rhine before Hitler was born.

But does it work?

We think not. The reports which we shall give to you will make it plain that the spirit of resistance even unto death, of passion for the sweet wine of freedom, has not been liquidated in the lands seized by the German horde, though in all conscience enough of its possessors *have* been beaten to death with rubber truncheons.

In France, that resistance has almost reached the proportions of a Terror against the Terror. The Germans, in their desperate attempts to crush it out, have made 13,000 raids and 5,390 arrests in occupied France alone in the last six months. They have stood hundreds against the wall and shot their hearts out. But the resistance grows stronger every day.

Sabotage and the slowdown, destruction of crops and livestock, the beating of sentries, subtle insults to German officers and their wives—thousands and thousands of trifling incidents every day furrow the brows of the conquerors with anxiety.

In Holland, the Germans have been quite unable to cope with the Christian Church, and with that curious brand of Dutch humor which pretends on the proper occasions to be almost unbelievably stupid. The Czechs and the Belgians and Norwegians manage to keep the invaders uneasy. The Poles have found a strong ally in Russia. Even a few of the Greeks manage to lift their feeble hands to plague their tyrants.

These efforts are not unorganized. True, they spring from the inner compulsion of countless individuals. But there are societies to direct the work, underground committees which struggle with a doggedness and an energy which we Americans have rarely been called upon to display in defense of our God-given rights as a free people.

No, the conquered people are not quite prostrate. They still believe that their passionate hopes and efforts will be rewarded—*if*—

Yes, there is an if—

If the people of the United States, of Great Britain and Russia and China will fight hard enough to win, to succor them in their extremity, to enable them to restore their own freedom.

The United Nations are their only real hope. If we go down, and become as they are under the Nazi yoke, all is really lost. But they tell us, whenever a messenger can get through on his perilous journey, that they are ready to rise up the moment we can turn the tide. They tell us that they are not unarmed.

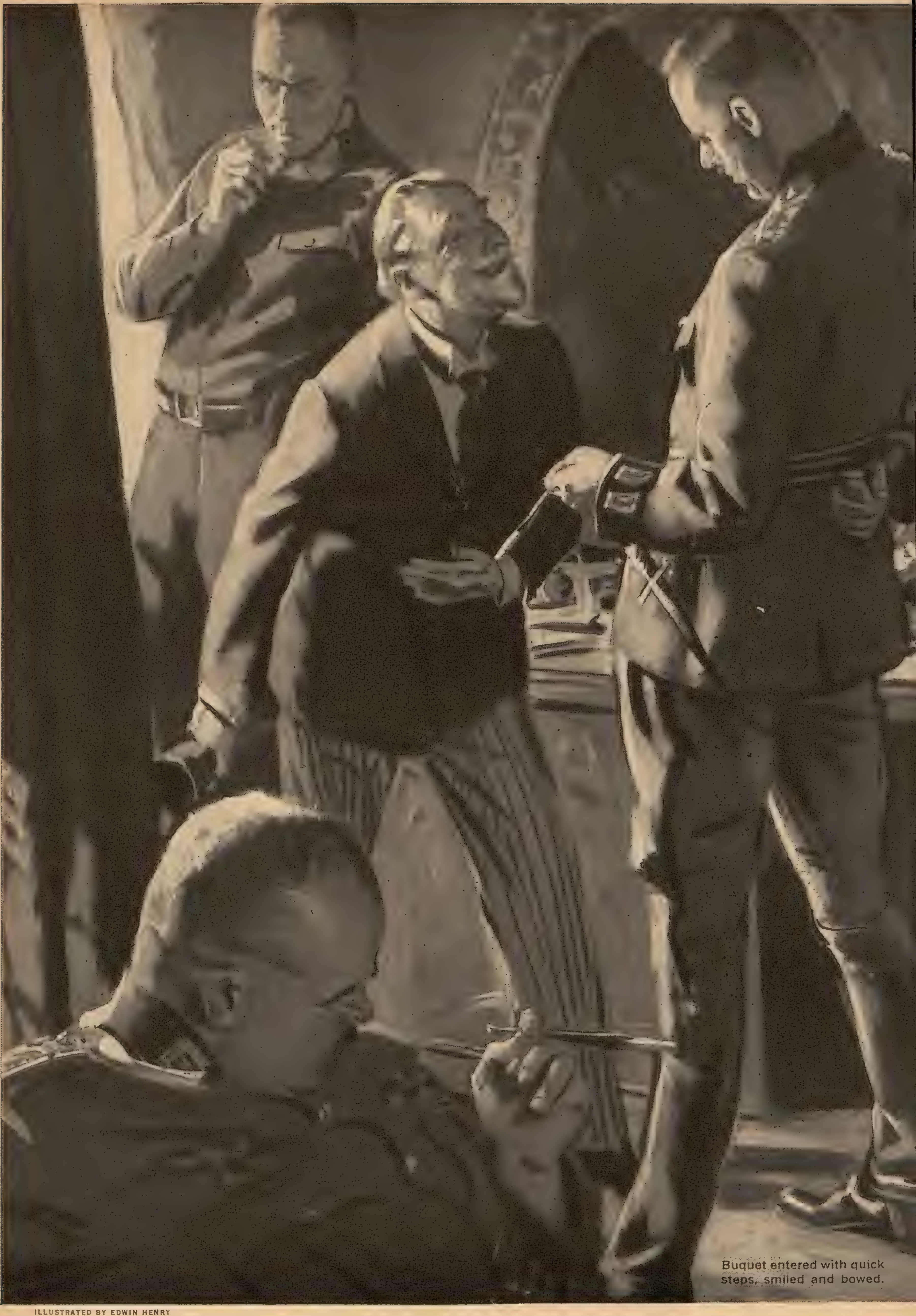
But among all those 200,000,000 the only real reason for keeping up the struggle, for keeping up life itself, is their faith in us, their belief that we *will* turn the tide.

That is what the underground news from Europe tells us, and what we shall present to you in detailed form.

Next week's article will tell of the plight of Holland, Belgium, Norway, and Denmark, and of what the heroic peoples of those countries are doing to help themselves—to help prepare the way for our ultimate victory.

INT. NEWS PHOTOS

Starvation's pinch in Brussels. Lined up before a butcher shop, these people hope against hope to get meager doles of meat.

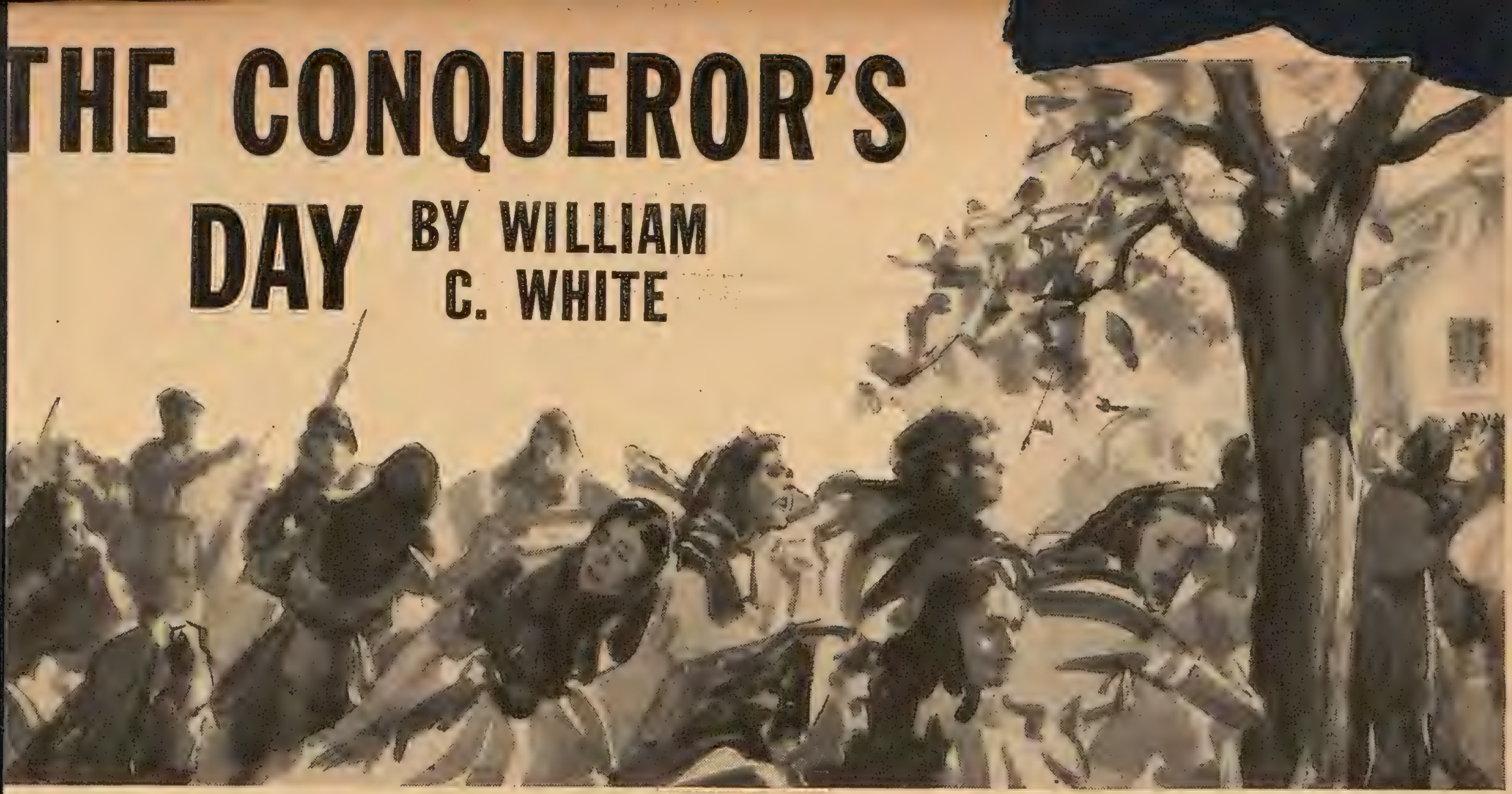


Buquet entered with quick steps, smiled and bowed.

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN HENRY

THE CONQUEROR'S DAY

BY WILLIAM C. WHITE



A crowd of women was milling around Town Hall. Police and soldiers were trying to restore order.

READING TIME ● 28 MINUTES 58 SECONDS.

☆ WHEN the Germans invaded the Alonts district, seventy-five miles north of Paris, they chose the villa of M. Diretot for their headquarters. It was the best residence in town. As commandant they appointed Colonel Heinrich von Plauen, a man of fifty.

On a bright autumn morning last year von Plauen entered the dining room for breakfast. As usual, it was exactly eight o'clock. Everything about him implied a meticulous precision. It was in his long methodical stride, in the lines of his face, in his quick economical gestures.

Two places were set in the dining room. An orderly in a white coat stood frozen behind a heavily gilded chair.

"Heil Hitler, Herr Commandant," he said, saluting.

Von Plauen sat down carefully, like a man not wanting to wrinkle an immaculate uniform. He breakfasted on eggs, stewed apples, rolls, butter, and coffee. As he finished, a middle-aged man, short and stout, came in. He was Captain Lorsch, second in command and an old friend of the commandant.

"Heil Hitler, Herr Commandant!"

"Heil Hitler, Herr Captain!"

With long precise steps von Plauen left the room and walked to the main entrance. Here an orderly was waiting with a light overcoat. Von Plauen strode to an open car under the porte-cochere. A young adjutant, Lieutenant Linghof, with a chauffeur behind him, saluted. Von Plauen sat in the back seat. The adjutant sat beside the chauffeur. The car turned down the drive and into the street. This drive was von Plauen's daily custom; it gave him a chance to make a systematic early-morning inspection of the town and the district around. This morning the air was brisk. As he felt an invigorating chill on his cheeks, he settled comfortably in his seat. Then, as he looked down the street, he sat up tensely.

"Halt!"

The car was at the end of the wall around the villa gardens. A group of soldiers were standing here, with pails and brushes. Von Plauen snapped at his adjutant, "Find out what those men are doing."

Linghof returned in a moment and reported in a flat voice, "They are erasing a scribbling on the wall."

"What sort of scribbling? Have the men step aside."

The lieutenant barked an order.

On the wall, in gray paint, was a drawing of an army officer with the markings of a colonel. Under it was written in German, "This, too, will pass."

Von Plauen looked at it coldly. To the chauffeur he said curtly, "Drive on!"

On other mornings he glanced from one side to the other along the road, missing nothing. This morning he did not move. For an hour the car sped along the back roads, over the gentle hills of the countryside, along poplar-lined canals and little green rivers. The war had scarcely touched this part of France. On every side peasants in the fields were finishing their work, raking stubble, gathering rubbish.

Men and women saw the car come, but they did not look up as it passed. Only after it had gone did they look, and then with unmasked sullen hatred but without a word to each other.

☆ AT two minutes to nine the car was back at the villa. Von Plauen walked briskly to the library in the rear of the house.

He gave his coat to an orderly and went directly to his desk. On it was a pile of clean folders. From a drawer he took out a pair of pince-nez, cleaned them thoughtfully, and put them on. Then he pushed a buzzer.

Captain Lorsch came from the next room. The orderly left, closing the door behind him.

"Herr Captain," von Plauen began, each word ice-tipped, "another cartoon was on the wall this morning. Why wasn't it stopped?"

"If I had known—!" The ripples of fat on Lorsch's face began to redden.

"*Selbstverständlich!* I don't expect you to know." His voice crackled. "Who was on guard from midnight until seven?"

"Private Mulbach."

"Arrest him until we can examine him." He tapped with a pencil on the desk. Lorsch telephoned the order to a subordinate. Then von Plauen cleared his throat. "Because similar cartoons continue to appear, I shall impose a fine of twenty-five thousand francs on this town!"

"It could be the work of children," Lorsch insisted weakly.

"With the inscription spelled properly in German?" Von Plauen clipped his words. "It is another instance of the sort of French behavior we have met ever since coming here—continued disrespect to everything German."

Lorsch nodded as he went to the desk by the window.

"Luckily, we have had nothing more serious yet," von Plauen continued, "but only because we are strict." He pushed a buzzer on the interoffice communications box. "Get Mayor Buquet on the telephone." As he waited he repeated, "Twenty-five thousand francs fine!"

An answer came quickly: "The mayor is out in the country, visiting a brother. He will be back at three."

"Leave word for him to be here at four."

The look of impatience left von Plauen's face as he picked up the first folder from the desk. Here were various daily reports and orders. He read each line carefully, sometimes making a check in the margin. Then he looked up. "What report on the new curfew law?"

"It went into effect last night, Herr Commandant," Lorsch said. "It was curious that the streets were completely deserted at seven o'clock."

"The curfew was set for eight."

"Precisely," Lorsch agreed.

"I suppose," the commandant said thoughtfully, "that if the people want to stay in an hour ahead of time, that's all right. Who can understand the French?"

He settled back to his work, a frown slowly fading from his face. Then an orderly entered with a message in his hand. As the commandant read it his face darkened. Lorsch watched him with increasing curiosity but waited patiently.

"The swine!" von Plauen exploded, waving the dispatch. "From Paris! They shot another German officer last night, right on the street! Colonel von Silten!" He shook his head sadly. "What can be done with these French?"

"Treat them as French, Herr Commandant."

Von Plauen nodded thoughtfully. "Sometimes the future here seems so discouraging. The French will not understand us."

"If I may say so, Herr Commandant," Lorsch said carefully, "this assassination emphasizes one precaution you should take here. You still permit Frenchmen to come here to see you without having them thoroughly searched first."

"I'm not afraid of them," von Plauen smiled.

"I'm sure Colonel von Silten wasn't afraid of them."

That impressed von Plauen. He nodded. "The French may think this is open season on colonels. Very well, Herr Captain. Issue orders to search every Frenchman who comes here."

☆

FOR a half hour the men worked in silence, broken only by the crackling of papers. Then an orderly knocked on the door and was told to enter. He announced, "Herr Sergeant Linter."

"Send him in."

A round middle-aged man with red face entered and saluted. Then he said with unexpected awkwardness, "Herr Commandant, I have been in charge of the grain collections."

"And the quota is all in?"

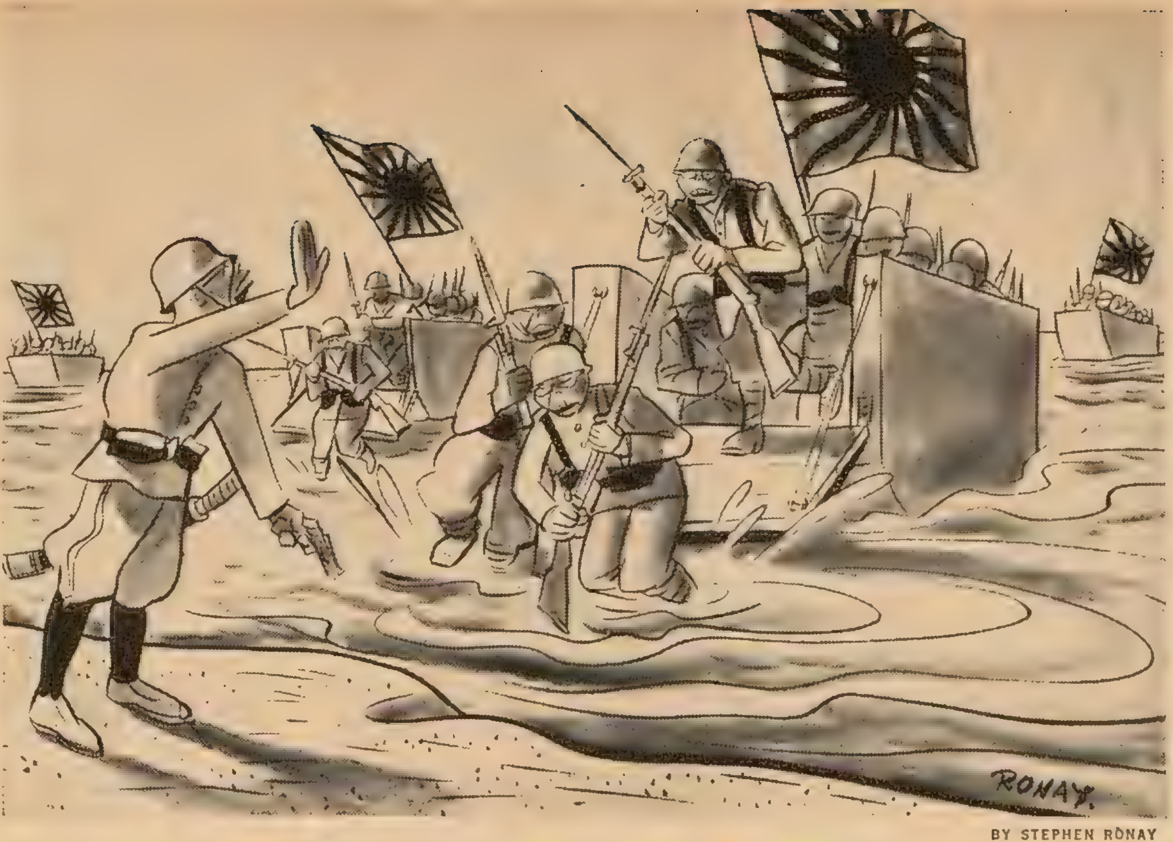
"All in yesterday, Herr Commandant," Linter said, but with no satisfaction.

"And you've done very well," von Plauen said. "You're a week ahead of the dead line."

"Yes, Herr Commandant," Linter still, increasingly uncomfortable. "After one postponement after another, the peasants all seemed to decide on yesterday."

Von Plauen sensed something strange in Linter's manner. "What matter, so long as it's in?"

Linter moved uneasily. "You will remember, yesterday it rained. A lot of the grain brought in will spoil."



BY STEPHEN RONAY

"Hold It! We already invaded this island!"

Von Plauen's face flushed. "How much of it?"

"Perhaps seventy per cent." Linter went on rapidly: "What could I do, Herr Commandant? If you will pardon me, and it is not my place to draw conclusions, but I think, if you will pardon me—"

"What are you trying to say?" von Plauen snapped angrily.

"I think—" Linter hesitated, then blurted, "I think that some one told the peasants to wait for this one rainy day."

"Organized activity against us?" Von Plauen straightened in his chair. "How can you prove it?"

"That's just it, Herr Commandant," Linter said desperately. "No one can prove it. The peasants just said, 'You've been bedeviling us for the grain. Now you have it.' "

Von Plauen scowled and looked at Lorsch.

"I'm sorry, Herr Commandant," Linter added.

Von Plauen nodded curtly. "I'll attend to it, Herr Sergeant. Thank you for reporting."

When Linter had gone, von Plauen left his desk and began to pace the room. "An organized campaign here? Unthinkable!"

"It does sound like it," Lorsch said cautiously.

"There have been a few incidents, but sporadic: tires deflated, slogans on walls, even that wall drawing this morning."

"You called the reaction to the new curfew law curious. That might have been organized."

Von Plauen walked more rapidly. "We have not been ruthless. Here we have had no one executed!" He turned suddenly. "*Um Gottes willen,* if this is organized resistance, I will break it, and the man responsible. Where is that mayor? Where is Metzger?" He slammed his fist on his desk. "The fine will be fifty thousand francs!"

"Quite right," Lorsch said. "Quite right!"

Von Plauen sat at his desk. "Organized activity, indeed!" Angrily he took a folder from his desk and tried to concentrate but he went on fuming for five minutes. Then he gestured with a sheet of paper. "This first winter clothes collection takes place today, *nicht wahr?*"

Lorsch nodded.

"Read the order to me."

Lorsch read from a folder: "Each housewife shall turn in at least one warm winter garment. To maintain a proper check on these contributions, housewives whose family names begin with A to H shall come to the depot in Town Hall at ten o'clock, those with names I to R at eleven, and those with names S to Z at twelve."

Von Plauen agreed. "Let's see them try to sabotage that!" He asked sharply, "Is there any business unfinished?"

Lorsch nodded. "The Lemoine factory machinery. The last is being moved today and will arrive in Munich at the end of the week."

"Good," von Plauen said shortly. "The French won't have any further use for factory machinery." Some one knocked at the door. "Come in!"

Metzger, the Gestapo officer, entered. He was a heavy-set man of forty with a fishlike face, flat on the sides, coming to a point far from his eyes. Heavy wrinkles bracketed the corners of his mouth. His uniform was immaculate and he carried a riding crop with a shining steel handle.

"Heil Hitler, Herr Commandant," he said, saluting.

"Heil Hitler," von Plauen answered gruffly. "Glad you've come." He went on quickly, "There have been several incidents—"

"The cartoon on the wall?" Metzger interrupted.

"You know about that?"

"Such things are my business, Herr Commandant," Metzger said. "I have already arrested the culprits."

Von Plauen almost exploded, "Who?"

"Two boys—one the son of Ficheul,

the high-school teacher, the other Laramet, the son of the tinsmith."

"Have they confessed?"

Metzger shook his head carelessly. "They will."

"What made you suspect them?"

"I looked around for gray paint," Metzger explained. "These boys had wagons just painted that color."

Von Plauen nodded. "That's good!" He looked pleased. "There was a serious incident at the grain depot."

"I know about that," Metzger said. "I'm investigating."

"I have called the mayor to tell him this town must pay a fine of fifty thousand francs."

"Good!" Metzger lit a cigarette. "The French have tender nerves in the back of their necks and in their pocketbooks."

"Everything points to an organized campaign of sabotage," von Plauen continued.

"We will stamp it out," Metzger said carelessly.

Von Plauen nodded agreement. "Fifty years of German rule will erase French impertinence."

Metzger agreed. "Yes, Herr Commandant!"

* * *

AT eleven o'clock von Plauen snuffed out a cigarette, straightened his jacket, and rose from the desk. "Herr Captain, we must be getting over to inspection." He made a point of going to the barracks each day.

Lorsch followed him, but as they reached the door a telephone rang. Von Plauen answered it. After listening to a few words he replied sharply, "I'll be down at once."

"What's the matter?" Lorsch asked.

"Housewives are rioting in the square."

As they entered the waiting automobile von Plauen explained, "It concerns the regulation about offering winter clothes."

The car raced through the streets. As it swung into the cobbled square, von Plauen saw a large crowd of women milling around the Town Hall. Three or four civil police and a half dozen soldiers were trying to quiet the women and restore order. Fifty yards from the crowd von Plauen stopped the car and sent the adjutant for information.

He returned quickly. "The women seemingly misunderstood the order. Most of them have turned up at the same hour."

"Misunderstood? Unbelievable!"

"They came according to the letter of their first names."

"How could they be so stupid?" Lorsch asked.

The adjutant continued, "Most of them claim to be named Marie, Mimi, Marianne, Marthe, and Marguerite."

Von Plauen brought a fist down on his knee. "The confusion was intentional. Quiet them, even if you have to use machine guns." Then to the chauffeur he said brusquely, "Drive back to headquarters."

As soon as he and Lorsch were in the office he took up a telephone. "Get the mayor." The mayor had not yet returned.

Von Plauen looked disappointed. "Tell him to be here by four or I'll send the Gestapo for him!"

Lorsch grunted. "Every meeting with him has been so unsatisfactory."

"We shall see about him today," von Plauen said darkly. "Little things, an unending series of little things—that's what these French are doing!" His gloves slapped the desk like a rifleshot. "The fine will be one hundred thousand francs!"

* * *

AT one o'clock an orderly called them to lunch. The table was set with the best china and silver. A platter of chicken fricassee stood on a serving table. Beneath the table was a wine bucket with three bottles of Alsatian wine.

After lunch Lorsch went to his room for a nap. Von Plauen returned to his desk. From a drawer he took a small box of digestive tablets. He swallowed several of them. That done, he turned to a pile of correspondence.

At three o'clock von Plauen sent an orderly to awaken Lorsch. "Tell him I'd like him to accompany me on a drive."

Lorsch appeared, his face red, his eyes filmy.

"I thought we might drive over to the Lemoine factory and look at the removal of the machinery."

"Certainly, Herr Commandant."

They drove to the rear of the town to a two-story brick building. A gray army truck stood at the entrance and a group of men were around it, some soldiers, some civilians. The soldiers saluted; the civilians did not look up.

A large milling machine stood on the truck. As von Plauen looked at it he noticed that the rear axle of the truck was broken. One cracked end touched the ground.

A sergeant in charge of the detail came to the car and saluted. "Herr Commandant, I am sorry to have to report that we have just had an accident with this milling machine."

"An accident?" Von Plauen's face hardened.

"Since it was the most important piece of machinery, we left it until last. Just a moment ago we were lowering it from the second floor on a chain and block. The block broke and dropped the machine."

"And it is ruined?"

"Beyond repair, I am afraid, Herr Commandant. The base plate is cracked. And the truck is damaged, too."

"An accident!" Von Plauen's face was a brilliant red.

"That's what it seemed like, Herr Commandant."

"A coincidence!" He spoke so loudly that every one looked at him. "Sergeant, take the block and tackle to the Gestapo for examination." He glared at the silent group of French workmen. "Arrest these men."

As the car drove to the villa, von Plauen looked nearer and nearer to an explosion. He said hotly, "This is the same pattern of French retaliation."

As he entered his office he said with grim impatience, "We'll deal with the mayor in a few minutes. And the fine is now one hundred and fifty thousand francs!"

* * *

AT four o'clock von Plauen was pacing the floor in his office. Lorsch sat dozing in his chair. Metzger stood by the window, picking his teeth. An orderly knocked and entered. "Herr Commandant, M. Buquet, the mayor."

"Search him first," von Plauen said coldly.

After five minutes Buquet entered with quick little steps. Small and dapper, he was a miniature man with a distinguished white mustache and goatee, and with blue eyes like small pleasant lights. His black coat was shiny but well brushed. His white shirt was patched but starched stiffly. He smiled pleasantly and bowed, for all the world like a trustee arriving at a meeting of the village library board.

"Bon jour, M. Commandant! A pleasant welcome you show us Frenchmen."

Von Plauen ignored that. "I have several complaints, M. Buquet."

"Yes, M. Commandant?" Buquet still smiled.

In a starched voice von Plauen said, "I am convinced that an organized anti-German campaign is going on here."

Buquet stopped smiling. "My people are too well aware of the penalty of such action."

"I want no discussion," von Plauen said curtly. "I am fining your municipality one hundred and fifty thousand francs, to be paid in the next forty-eight hours."

"A hundred and fifty thousand francs!" Buquet blinked and threw up his hands. "That is ridiculous."

"What did you say?"

Metzger was listening, as impersonal and immobile as a microphone.

Buquet went on quietly, "We are paying our share of the cost of occupation. How can we do more?"

"One hundred and fifty thousand francs," von Plauen said with steely finality as he took a step toward Buquet.

The mayor stood firm and looked up at the commandant. "May I ask why you think there is an anti-German campaign here?"

"Disrespectful cartoons have been scratched on the walls," von Plauen said haughtily.

"Disrespectful to whom?"

Von Plauen drew himself up. "To the Reich and the Reichswehr."

Buquet fingered his goatee and looked thoughtful. "I have heard about that. Surely you don't think that any citizen here would have a reason for ridiculing you?"

"I am not discussing intent." Von Plauen searched the little man's face and saw nothing but keen interest.

Buquet nodded quietly. "But, messieurs, do you know what impressed me? The color of the paint! The gray of your army trucks! No one in town has paint exactly that color except yourselves."

Both Metzger and von Plauen advanced on the mayor. The commandant's face was scarlet. "Are you trying to insinuate disloyalty among my own men?"

"I insinuate nothing," Buquet said blandly.

For a second von Plauen looked uneasy. Then, in a louder voice, he continued, "More serious was the riot of the housewives in the square this morning."

Buquet looked astonished. "I was told about that. Is it disrespect to the Germans because some poor woman got the idea about first names and village gossip did the rest?"

Von Plauen gestured with a closed fist. "The order was issued only to facilitate our collection."

"Your collections are always most efficient."

Von Plauen gestured impatiently. "There was an incident at the grain depot."

Buquet nodded. "I am sorry so much good grain was spoiled."

"The peasants all chose the same day—"

Buquet interrupted: "Were you ever a peasant?"

Von Plauen looked insulted. "Of course not."

"Then you would not know it was a very dry autumn and that the peasants felt they could not spare one good day to come to town."

"You French always have an explanation," von Plauen frowned. "Then, this afternoon, while important machinery was being moved, some of it was broken."

"I have not heard of that." Buquet asked softly: "French machinery?"

"Machinery we were moving from the Lemoine factory."

"Moving to Germany?" Buquet asked innocently.

Metzger said sharply, "That's an impudent question."

Von Plauen nodded. He said curtly, "While it was being moved, a block and tackle broke off—I suspect, purposely."

Buquet was astonished. "Have blocks and tackles never broken before?"

Von Plauen looked ready to explode. "You've heard our complaints. Now, think about paying the fine."

For a moment Buquet was thoughtful. "I have complaints, too. Today that man"—he nodded toward Metzger—"arrested two fourteen-year-old boys. Do you know that?"

"Captain Metzger and I work hand in hand," von Plauen said frigidly.

"Then what shall I tell the parents of the children?" Buquet asked earnestly, "Ficheul, the chemistry teacher at the high school, a cripple, and Laramet, the tinsmith?"

"Tell them nothing. That is our business."

Buquet heard that and sighed. With a gesture of helplessness, he said, "We are being fined and our children arrested because there may be disloyalty among your soldiers, because peasants are peasants, because of old women's gossip, because blocks and tackle break."

Von Plauen stepped forward again. In a blistering voice he shouted, "I want no impudence!"

"I wonder what the people of this town and of other towns will say and think and do when those facts get around," Buquet continued thoughtfully. "I doubt, M. Commandant, if your work will be any easier here after this."

The three officers stepped up to him and surrounded him. Von Plauen bellowed, "If you are not careful what you say—!"

"Threats and more threats!" Buquet said wearily, looking up at the wall of uniformed bosoms.

"Französischer Dummkopf!" von Plauen exploded. "Have you no concern for your own safety?"

Buquet gestured like a tired man. "You have made so many threats. I have told you before I do not fear arrest or worse. I promised you that I would co-operate with you, and I have done so. Show me one serious incident here since you Germans came."

Von Plauen scowled. "There has been an unending series of little things."

Buquet ignored that. "If you rid yourselves of me, your work will be a hundred times harder."

"We will wipe out the whole town!" von Plauen roared, his face liver-colored.

"You could do that," Buquet agreed. "You Germans have only one tool, the whip!"

"Silence!"

Buquet even took a step nearer von Plauen. "Force took our Maginot Line, but that was cement and steel. There is another line in France today, messieurs, made of people's brains and souls. Force cannot break that line."

Von Plauen waved his hands wildly. *"Um Gottes willen!* This impudent French *Schweinehund!"*

"A fine such as you order, M. Commandant," Buquet said bluntly, "only reinforces France's real line of defense."

"Verfluchter Schweinehund!"

"I should like to prophesy, messieurs," Buquet said softly. "From the hatred you are sowing you can only reap disaster. Some day, when you expect it least, your dreams will tumble at your feet."

He walked quickly to the door.

"Gott in Himmel!" von Plauen exploded. "He taunts me, that impudent ——!"

"He is a dangerous man," Metzger said firmly. "A man like that can put ideas in people's minds."

Von Plauen stood at his desk, pounding it. "I will not put up with that stupid peasant. Unthinkable!" He took a handkerchief and wiped his mouth and forehead. "Captain Metzger, arrest that swine tonight. Wake him from his sleep and put him in solitary. That should frighten him!"

* * *

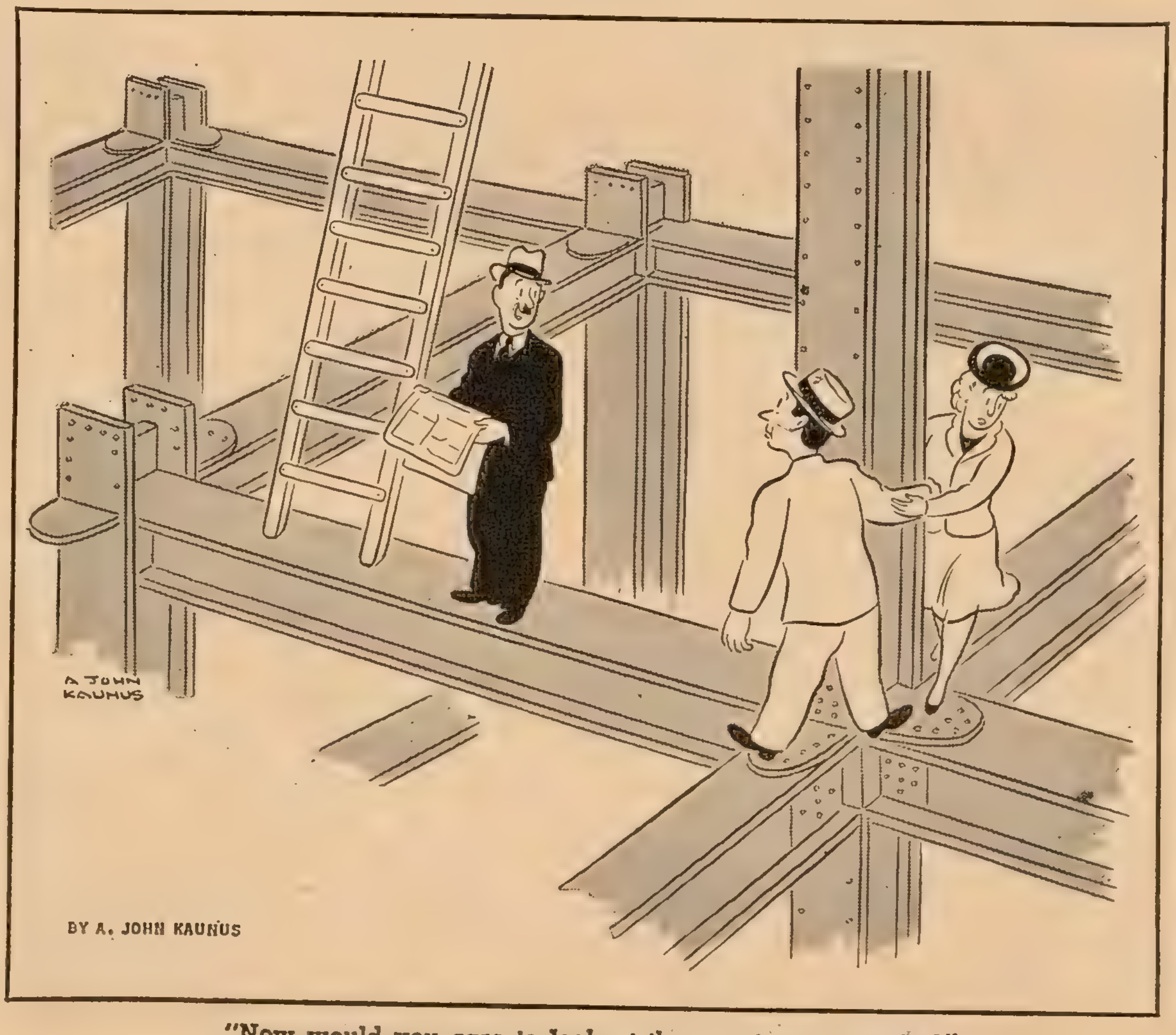
AT five o'clock an orderly served coffee and cake. Lorsch ate heartily. Von Plauen scarcely touched his. Metzger had gone his busy way.

The commandant stood up abruptly. "Would you like a short walk before dinner, Herr Captain?"

"Certainly, Herr Commandant," Lorsch agreed.

They went into the garden in the chill of early-autumn dusk. The sunset against the hills in the west was a simple sketch in red and gold.

"Autumn is so lovely," von Plauen



"Now would you care to look at the apartment upstairs?"

said absently. "I remember the autumn of 1938, the last before the war." He began to walk briskly with longer, springier steps. "This is beautiful country too, this France, in spite of its disorderly unco-operative people. Sometimes I am so discouraged! But the younger generation here—we will teach them!" He sighed and walked along in silence. Lorsch puffed a wheezing accompaniment.

They walked for a half mile before turning back. The street was quiet and deserted. Then from a near-by corner came the sound of children's voices. Von Plauen said excitedly, "Hear them, Herr Captain?"

A boy's voice was saying, *"Still gestanden! Vorwärts, marsch!"*

"Military commands in German!" von Plauen said with pleasure. "That's what I mean about the new generation—it will be German in a German Europe!"

Through the gray dusk came six boys marching in military line. Von Plauen stepped up to them, a gray figure in the somber dusk. "You speak German, boys?"

"Very little, monsieur," the leader said.

"You are drilling in German."

"Ah, yes; we are learning that way to be as good as German soldiers."

Von Plauen nodded heartily and glanced at Lorsch with a smile. "And when you are as good as German soldiers, what will you do?"

"We shall march, monsieur, and take Berlin!"

Von Plauen turned on his heel and strode down the street.

"There it is!" von Plauen finally exploded. "The way that all French minds are corrupted by people like the mayor."

"Yes, Herr Commandant!"

"In a way, what those children said is part of an organized campaign against us," von Plauen continued, like a man thinking aloud. "They need a lesson, an object lesson. They will get it!"

He said nothing more until he was back at his desk in his office. Then he picked up the telephone and called Metzger.

"I have decided to order the execution of the mayor at dawn, Herr Captain," von Plauen said curtly, "as retribution for past acts of sabotage committed against us."

"Yes, Herr Commandant." Metzger sounded pleased.

"And I want it announced that the two boys you hold will be shot tomorrow night unless those who have organized sabotage against us are revealed." He added emphatically, "That ought to get the people of this town working for us."

"Yes, Herr Commandant."

☆

WHEN von Plauen came into his office after dinner, the curtains were drawn and lamplight made the room a pleasant place. He went to his desk and sat down wearily. He reached in the drawer for his box of digestive tablets and took a half dozen. The telephone interrupted him. The voice in French was strange to him.

"This is M. Ficheul," the voice said, "teacher of chemistry in the local school."

"Yes?" For the moment von Plauen did not recognize the name.

"You arrested my boy!"

"Oh, yes," von Plauen said loftily.

"I have the information that you want about sabotage."

"Good, good!" von Plauen said eagerly.

"If I may talk to you tonight—"

"Certainly! At once!"

Ficheul continued calmly, "It will interest Captain Metzger, too."

"He'll be here!"

Von Plauen could scarcely wait to call Metzger. "It worked," he said jubilantly. "I thought these Frenchmen might value their sons."

A few minutes after eight, as Metzger and von Plauen waited impatiently, an orderly announced, "M. Ficheul."

"Search him first," von Plauen said cautiously.

In five minutes the orderly returned with a cadaverous old man. The orderly announced, "I found nothing on him, Herr Commandant, but a pocket handkerchief."

"Good! Sit down, monsieur."

As if he did not hear, Ficheul stood awkwardly by the door, leaning on a heavy cane. He looked ill at ease. His face was thin and gray and shadowed over the bony places. His brown eyes were like dimmed bulbs.

"Monsieur !" he began, his voice hoarse.

"Please sit down."

☆

FICHEUL moved with difficulty to a chair, supporting himself on his cane at each step. He sat down heavily. "You arrested my boy."

Metzger nodded.

"You are serious." Ficheul stared at von Plauen. "Will he be shot if the saboteurs are not revealed?"

Von Plauen smiled grimly. "We Germans keep all promises."

"Very well," Ficheul said. "Then I will talk; but first alone to you, monsieur, without Captain Metzger."

Von Plauen hesitated for a second. "Very well! Captain Metzger, just step out into the hall."

Metzger left, and Ficheul seemed less ill at ease. He cleared his throat. "May I have a cigarette?"

"Certainly! Help yourself!" He offered a pack.

"And a match?"

Von Plauen offered the matches. Ficheul lit a cigarette, then held the matchbox and juggled it.

"I can tell you who is responsible for all the anti-German activity here," he began. He played with the matches. "It is the mayor, M. Buquet."

Von Plauen leaned back judiciously. "Can you prove it?"

"I can prove it." Ficheul held a match in one hand, his cane in the other. "Free him and you will see the activity continues."

Von Plauen laughed. "Isn't that a little too simple?"

"I said, free him." Ficheul lit the match and held it as it flamed high.

"What are you doing?" von Plauen suddenly snapped.

"Holding this match near my cane, monsieur. In the handle is a fulminate cap. In the cane is guncotton!"

Von Plauen made a quick move.

"Don't do anything, monsieur, or I shall put the match to the cap."

For a second von Plauen sat staring at the old man, not sure what to do, not sure what to believe.

"I made the guncotton in my high-school laboratory," Ficheul said pleasantly. "I took cotton cloth and I had the proper acids. How else could I bring explosives by your guard, save in an old hollow cane?"

Von Plauen sat frozen as Ficheul lit another match. "You are mad! What do you want?"

Ficheul grunted. "Take the telephone, call the Gestapo, and free the mayor and the two boys."

Von Plauen hesitated.

"Do you want me to apply the match?" Ficheul asked quietly.

"No, no!" Von Plauen took the phone and gave the order to a surprised underofficer. He saw a new match flare in Ficheul's hand. Then he said, "I'm sure you've been under a strain. Can't we talk like intelligent men?" He carelessly moved his hand near the desk drawer.

"Don't reach for a weapon," Ficheul said, holding a match. "My hand is none too steady." He smiled. "I like to think of the mayor being free to go on with his work!"

Von Plauen sank back in his chair. "Don't you realize that if you set off an explosion here tonight there will be an investigation here tomorrow and your whole town will suffer—perhaps your wife and son? What do you gain?"

Ficheul smiled. "Nothing will happen to the town. In your mail tomorrow will come a letter asking permission to demonstrate the new explosive I have invented and about which I have written you so many times. It will be judged an accident, monsieur." A match flickered in his hand and he quickly lit another one. "And the unsuspecting swine Metzger will go with us, too! I am glad of that."

"You are insane!"

"The hatred you have planted brings only one result, monsieur—violence!"

With a lightning quick move von Plauen slid from his chair under his desk. Then he screamed, "Help!"

Ficheul looked at the door, saw it open, and watched for Metzger to appear. Then he moved the flaming match against the cane handle and held it toward von Plauen.

☆

AND they found von Plauen crushed beneath his desk the next morning. They found Metzger and Ficheul, too. And the investigators found a letter in von Plauen's mail which added proof that the explosion was an unfortunate accident.

A new commandant arrived in Alonts. And Mayor Buquet formally promised his co-operation.

THE END

HOLD THAT TIGER!

BY TED SHANE

Alfred Court with a striped star pupil. An accident, he says, is never the animal's fault. PHOTO BY MAXWELL FRE

READING TIME ● 14 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

☆ A YOUNG newly married couple were bidding the wedding guests good night. They climbed the stairs to their apartment in a pleasant little country hotel in France. They closed the door. And turned—to confront a beautiful black-and-yellow tiger.

The bride clung to the groom and the groom to the bride. The tigress gnashed her teeth, snarled, swung her tail.

"Pssst!" said a voice at the window. "It ees my tigaire. Walk—do not run—to the window behind you. Above all, do not turn your back. . . ."

Terrified, they obeyed. A ladder stood at the window. In a moment they were out of the tigress' reach.

"Bon," said the voice. "We leave her there for the night. She is safe. I have to find seventeen more!"

The bride and groom were left on the ladder. Instead of descending, they decided to go up to the roof. For in the street below there were a couple of lions pawing at two men who were trying to rope them. Downstreet, where the lights of a café blazed, the revolving door spun round so fast that its jammed occupants could neither get in nor out. Inside, two tigers were obviously causing hurried exits through unopened windows. On neighboring roofs the honeymooners saw the wedding guests trying hard to look like chimney pots.

Much fast excitable French was floating around. It seemed that the lions from the Cirque Court had gotten away. Ten of them, not to mention eight tigers. There were two lions in the woods. Four people had been clawed. *Oui,* they were the lions of Monsieur Alfred Court. One of his assistants had been careless, had left the back door of the cages open. . . .

"Fortunately," says Mr. Court today, "I do not lose any of ze animals. In twenty-four hour I 'ave zem all."

It is his business to go shopping in jungles, mountains, and lion farms for animals, bring them back, and train them so they'll perform and not bite the customers. He'll do this for you, for anybody who hankers for a trained tiger or panther to toy with. What's more, he'll train you yourself, as well as an act for you.

A short wiry chap in blue glasses and a concert pianist haircut, bite-scarred from head to foot, Alfred Court just won't be anything but modest. It's been said of him: "Court features the animal, not himself." In fact, the Ringling Circus has quite a problem in him. He is constantly being urged to draw attention to himself. He always refuses. Nor will he allow the trainers he trains to fit the acts he breaks in (he's had two trainers killed from under him) to use guns, crowbars, electric persuaders, or dramatic hamming. His training methods feature the soft-spoken word, no brutality, endless patience.

To train and face the treacherous congresses of black panthers, pumas, jaguars, leopards, tigers, polar bears, giant ocelots, lions, and other types of non-house cats he features together, Mr. Court prefers to arm himself with nothing more than a black buggy whip and a short pine stick. Even the whip and the stick are concessions to circus owners, who like a dash of the spectacular. Mr. Court puts it this way: "Eet ees seelly to shoot a gun in ze face of ze animal. Zere is great dangaire you will blow out ze animal's eye. Or else, after a while, ze animal she get bored wiz ze gun—which she know is blank cartridge—and will pay no attention!"

In Europe his act used to be called Peace in the Jungle. "I can make ze lion and ze lamb lie down wiz each uzzer," he says. "All I 'ave to do is to start zem as babees togezzer!"

This was being demonstrated as we spoke. We were at the winter quarters of the circus down at Sarasota, and I watched a small and scared black bear take a swipe with his claws at a pair of huge lions that flanked him in a pedestal act. The bear drew blood from one lion. They snarled horribly —but didn't strike back. Their eyes were too interested in the whip below, wielded by one of Mr. Court's assistant coaches. "In a few days," Mr. Court explained, "ze bear—which is new—will onderstand ze lion mean no harm. Zen zere will be peace!"

☆ ALFRED COURT somersaulted into this world fifty-nine years ago in Marseille. When his dad, who made soap, went broke, Alf, who was one of a family of twelve with a dash of noble blood, joined a circus. He became an expert on the horizontal bars. By the time he was twenty-four he had amassed half a million francs, been bankrupt in his own circus, met and married his present wife. She was a daring acrobat of fifteen, and he fell in love with her in mid-air, proposing one night on a bar during a near miss. She accepted, not wanting him to fall for anybody else. Still extremely pretty, to this day she travels everywhere with him.

The Courts continued to fling themselves at each other rapturously for some years thereafter, till one day, after an especially heavy lunch, Court took off on a stage in Königsberg, Germany, for a distant swinging bar. He failed to make connections by the merest fraction of an inch, and wound up on the floor—to be pronounced dead by three German physicians in the audience. He insists he was dead for thirty-two minutes; his heart stopped cold. However, the house fireman brought him back to life after hours of artificial respiration, and the next day Court was back up there swinging away—in a few bandages. He points out a long, evil white scar on the back of his cranium.

But this flop only urged him to higher things. Soon he and his wife had their own circus. They did two acts together, a trampolin bounce number and the horizontal bars. Court then did a hand-balancing act with a 110-pound lad, and topped it all off with a trick bicycle stunt in which he did a double loop-the-loop.

☆ IN 1918 the late John Ringling brought the Courts to America. As the Orpingtons, they toured with Barnum & Bailey, earning about $750 a week, for four years, at the end of which time Court bought himself a circus. He took it to Mexico. It happened to include a small animal act—four lions. After the first performance his lion tamer, possibly to steady his nerves, went off and got stewed. So Court, who thinks lions and alcohol don't mix, sacked him, and wired the lion owner in New York to come and get his cats.

The owner countered with a challenge to Court to make him an offer. The upshot was that Court found himself the owner of four trained lions, entire cost $750. But who was to work them for him? Every one else declining, he got himself a blank-cartridge pistol and some high boots, and entered the cage—for the first time in his life. Twice he almost backed down the digestive tract of a lion behind him, four times he almost went down frontways. Then suddenly he decided to crack his whip and take over. He says today, "I enter zat cage in fear and trembling. I emerge in triomph and jubilation!" From that day to this, though he has trained over 1,100 animals and two dozen trainers, he has never used a gun. He found that during his debut he had dropped the gun and that his voice and whip had sufficed.

In the 1920s Court gave away his circus to one of his employees and returned to Europe, where he went into the animal-act manufacturing business. He began experimenting with mixed groups, lions and bears and hyenas. He also found he had to train the trainers.

There was the case of the tiger Bengali. Time and again Court warned a young Frenchman he was breaking in that Bengali couldn't be trusted. No tiger can be. But the young Frenchman grew careless, and one day during a matinee in Madrid Bengali saw an opening, leaped out of a seeming doze, and got a hold on the young fellow's leg from behind.

Court leaped into the cage with nothing but a cigarette in his hand. He grabbed one of the metal stools the cats perch on, flung it full force in Bengali's snarling puss. Bengali loosed his grip and the Frenchman struggled to his feet. "I yell at heem to turn around and face ze tiger," Court says unhappily. "But ze poor fellow he lose his nerve for joost a minute and get panicky. Zat is where he make his second mistake."

Bengali leaped again, his teeth clamping into the trainer's skull pit. By this time he had roused the rest of the fur-coated actors, and a bloody free-for-all was going on. For three minutes Court fought this riot with chairs, stools, his fists—dragging the wounded man little by little to the cage gate. He finally got him out, but the poor chap died two hours later.

"I suppose," I said, "you sentenced Bengali to death?"

"Not at all," Court replied blandly. "I work Bengali myself right away and feeneesh ze act!"

"But wasn't he a killer?" I asked.

"Only because some one get careless!" Court said. "When accident happen, it is nevair ze animal's fault. Always ze trainer's."

A year later Bengali killed another trainer. Court thereafter worked Bengali himself. Eventually Bengali went on strike and refused to work. Court reluctantly presented him to a zoo. Today his son, Bombay, still works for Court.

Besides these two trainers, Court has lost a personal secretary. One day she was busy putting up a sign when a black panther, the most vicious of felines, bit her arm. She died two days later of blood poisoning.

☆ AS for Court himself, he has been mistaken for the meat course many times. Most of his scars are mere two- or three-inchers, but twice he's had closer calls. A few years ago in Paris two Siberian tigers got into a fight over a glamour girl —a lovely thing, 400 pounds of greased lightning. During the act Court's attention slipped briefly, whereupon the two went for each other. Court went for them, trying to break it up. He hit them with everything he had, including the water bucket, and yelled for the hose. Meanwhile the *femme fatale*, annoyed that anybody should try to break up this duel for her paw, slipped off her stool and snuck around behind him. He saw her—but it was too late. In an instant he was on the ground, being bounced up and down by her.

By this time the entire cage was in an uproar. In exactly ten seconds Court had received twenty cuts down his back, and a free-for-all worthy of any jungle was being broken up by the timely arrival of the hose. Court spent the next four months in the hospital. While sore, he wasn't mad. He never gets mad at an animal—only at himself for carelessness.

Then one day at Dieppe a lion took a swing at a black bear. The bear struck back, and before Court could yell "Boo!" the entire cage boomed with battle around him. This time a lioness went for him. "When we fall," he recounts, "I get very, very angree. It make me annoy zat zat lioness try to keel me after all ze training I give her. So I fight her. I even bite her on

(*Continued on page 50*)

A DATE FOR LUNCHEON

ILLUSTRATED BY TRAN MAWICKE

What are the things that open a woman's eyes to love? Can a fate that seems unkind be one of them? . . Lily learned about that

BY JOHN S. DENISON

READING TIME ● 17 MINUTES 6 SECONDS

☆ AT the last moment Lily faltered. Jake was just ahead of her in the crowd surging down the station ramp toward the five-forty-eight train. She had spotted him right away—the broad slightly stooped shoulders stood out above the other commuters around him, the battered old hat was unmistakable. Her heart had cried out, "Jake—wait for me, please!" and she had started running toward him, pushing and jostling her way. And then all at once she remembered and stopped dead in her tracks, a few feet short of him.

After what had happened today, how could she face him—ever again? He'd know at once, of course—he'd see it all in her eyes. She'd have to tell him, then. But how? Were there words enough to explain it away? She watched him disappear into the crowd.

And then suddenly she ran forward again, down the ramp toward the train. "Wait for me, Jake! It's so important!"

☆ AT breakfast that morning Lily looked around the room and thought, The last time—how incredible! To think that after today . . .

Incredible, because everything was almost exactly as it had been every morning during all the five long years she and Jake had lived in that house—eaten breakfast together in that room. There ought to have been something electric in the atmosphere, Lily felt. Something that would whisper insistently, "Never again, never again."

On Tuesday, only five days away, she'd be—Lily didn't know much about the country between Hillsvale and Reno. But on Tuesday she'd be out there, somewhere in the vastness, speeding into her new future.

Across the table, Jake lowered the paper and started reading aloud.

"Here's a hand something like that one I held the other night at the Burgesses'. Four hearts to the king, queen; six spades to the ace, jack, ten; no diamonds."

Jake didn't really look old, Lily thought. In fact, this morning he looked a great deal younger than his forty-eight years. But of course he hadn't lain awake half the night—tossing—questioning—"Is it fair? . . . How will it end? . . . But if you're in love . . ." Forty-eight! Nineteen years older than she. Old enough to be her father, actually. She'd only begun to think of Jake like that in the last few weeks since she had met Eric.

"So then north bid three clubs and . . ."

Eric was thirty-five. Why did thirteen years make such a difference?

"I don't think I would have bid it that way, would you?" he asked, looking up at her from the paper but not seeing her—only the cards.

"Well, I don't know—perhaps."

She hadn't heard a word—and it didn't matter to either of them, she knew.

He took out his watch with the old familiar gesture.

"Going to town today?" he asked.

"Yes. I've some errands to be done. And I've got a date for luncheon."

A date for luncheon—how casual and inconsequential it sounded, said like that. A date for luncheon when, at just the right moment, Eric would say to her, "Lily—will you marry me?" Eric would try to make it sound very impetuous and she'd pretend she hadn't known right along that it was coming. She'd say . . .

"Well," Jake said, getting up from his chair—slowly, as if he were a little stiff already. "Better skip along, I guess. Going to be a bad day at the office—desk piled sky-high. See you on the train tonight?"

Lily didn't answer. She bent her head toward the spirit lamp under the coffeepot. A ray of sunlight tangled in her brown hair and for a moment seemed to be reflected in Jake's blue eyes as he watched her. But she missed his expression.

"Don't work too hard, Jake," she said. "Good luck."

The same words, approximately, for six years. "Good luck, Jake"—oh, she *did* mean it. This morning more than ever before.

When he had gone she rose from the table and went up to her room. It was a pretty room—the kind of room she'd dreamed about during her girlhood when she had to share quarters with her older sister. She'd always wondered how Jake had known that. He'd done it as a surprise for her when they built the house. So many closets, exactly the right light, mirrors in strategic places. "Jake—but how marvelous!" "I hope it's the way you like it?" "Like it? Oh, Jake!" She'd never loved Jake more than at that moment, really; for his slow, embarrassed, tentative smile — "You aren't fooling, are you?" the smile seemed to be asking—that made him look absurdly young; for the unspoken things she could read in his eyes.

Remembering — and wondering where it had gone, that old feeling for Jake—Lily stood by the window and looked out across the garden.

There was a knock at the door.

"Yes?" Lily called.

"It's the cleaner, ma'am," Mabel answered from the hall. "He brought back a dress of yourn."

Of course. The dress she was going to wear for Eric. She took it from Mabel and spread it on the bed. A lovely dress—Eric's favorite dress. A new print, bought especially for him—though that was one thing Eric hadn't guessed! Terribly extravagant, really. But it had been worth every penny just to see his expression the first time she wore it. "Divine, darling! Oh, but you are beautiful!" he had said. "Did you happen to know that?" The husky voice, the dark strange look in his eyes—they always made her feel wobbly in her knees and in the pit of her stomach.

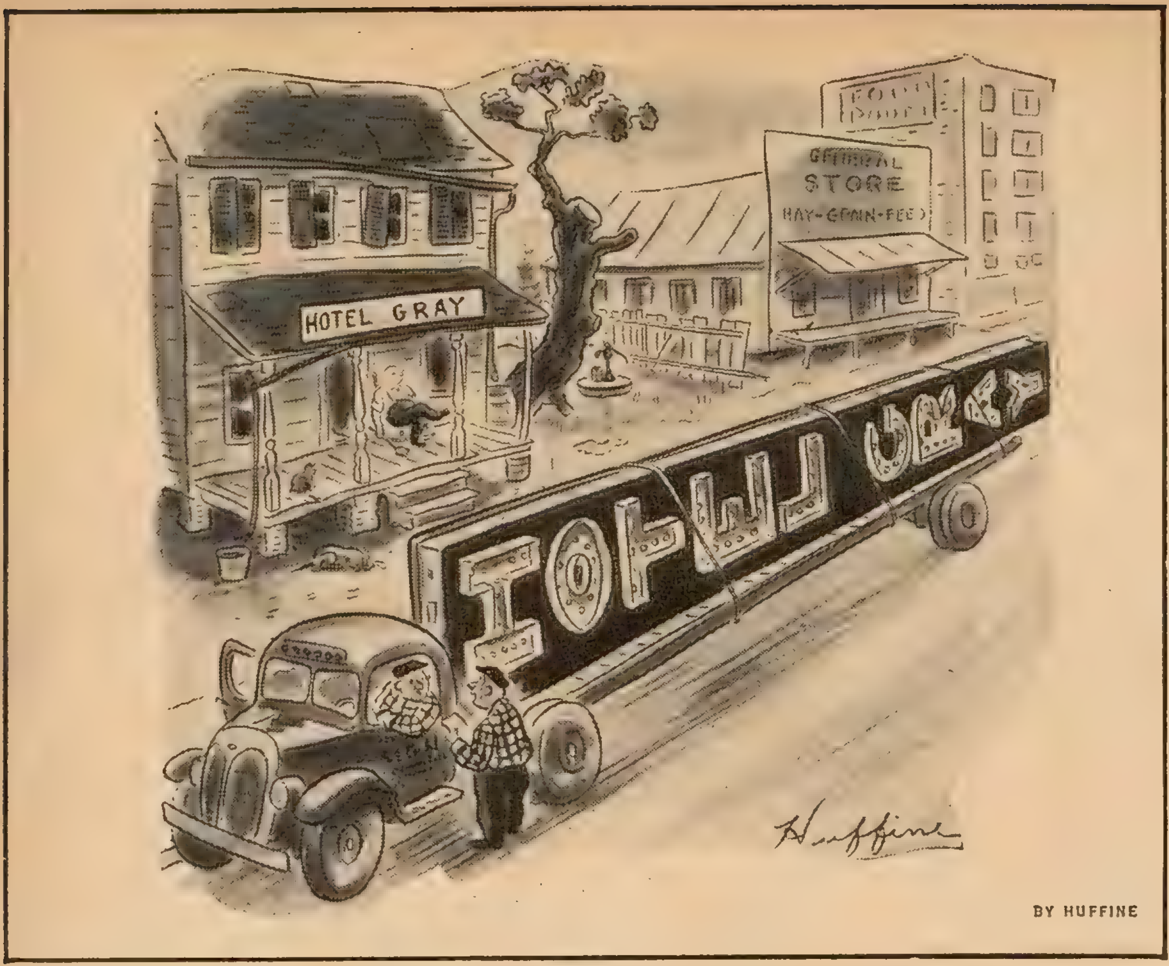
☆ RIGHT from the start it had been like that—from the first time she had seen him, exactly six weeks ago to a day. She'd come out of the dressing room at a cocktail party in New York—laughing with Lilian Crosby at some silly little joke—and there he was. She had bumped into him, and when she looked up into his face, not two feet away, he was scowling at the spilled drink in his hand.

"Oh, I'm so sorry. I really didn't—"

His expression changed so quickly that she wondered if she had been imagining things.

"I'm not sorry," he had said. And she knew he meant it. No one had looked at her that way for a long time.

"Can't I get you a drink or something?" he went on. "I'm Eric Dunscombe, in case names are important—which they're not, you know."



"Are you sure there's only one Hotel Gray in town?"

"I'm Lily Stanton. And I'd love a drink. Isn't it silly—I'm scared!"

"Scared? Of what?"

"All this." She waved a hand around the room. "It's ridiculous, but parties always do that to me at first. I always think there won't be a soul I know—and that every one's got their fangs bared. Do you think that's childish?"

"Extremely. You know me. And I don't bite—"

Why had she said that? It was true enough—she always felt like that when she went into New York to parties—wild with terror when she rang the bell—half faint with it when she plunged into the sea of strange voices and faces. Now for the first time she had said it—and to some one she'd never seen before in her life. Why should that be?

At seven that evening she called Jake. "I shan't be out until the late train, Jake. . . . No, nothing wrong—of course not. . . . Oh, some of us from Julie's party having dinner somewhere. . . . Yes, simply fine."

☆ ERIC had taken her to a funny little place on the East Side. "We won't be bothered there. Do you mind?" he'd said, somehow making the whole thing into a tremendous adventure. Eric always managed to do that. Just walking down a street in the spring sunshine was an adventure, with Eric. "Look, Lily. Have you ever seen anything so absolutely extraordinary?" Whatever it happened to be—a hat, something in a window—it would never have seemed half so funny without Eric to point it out.

Six weeks of it. Six weeks of walking in the sunshine; of lunching in little out-of-the-way restaurants with superb food; of talking; of telling Eric everything she felt and wanted and dreamed. "Eric—you never talk about yourself. Why?"

Sometimes she realized quite suddenly how little she knew about Eric.

He fiddled with his wineglass.

"I don't know. Nothing much to say, I guess. I'd rather listen to you."

"But I'm not interesting. There's nothing very exciting about my life out there in Hillsvale—the Community Chest drive—or the terrible time Mabel had with the grocery boy last week—or gossip of my bridge club."

He looked at her very seriously and very intently.

"Those things are exciting to me, Lily," he said. "They're the most important things in the world to me. Because they are part of you, you see. Oh, not the bridge club—but the way it affects you—what you have to say about it." He paused and looked away from her, and Lily thought he was like an unhappy little boy—a very little boy for all his worldly manner and gestures and way of speaking. "You see, darling — anything that touches you in any way—well, it's the most important thing in the world to me, that's all. I happen to love you."

It was the first time he had said it. Lily never forgot.

As she dressed—oh, very carefully: new stockings, the good blue shoes that didn't fit very comfortably but were the smartest pair she owned, the last of her French underwear—she wondered how many times Jake had said "I love you" in all the course of their married life. Even his proposal. They'd been riding in one of the old Lexington Avenue streetcars and he'd looked out of the window and said in a perfectly natural voice, "I suppose the sensible thing to do would be to get married, don't you?" Funny, now, to think how excited she'd felt then, and how hard it had been to be equally casual as she answered, "I suppose you're right, Jake—it does seem like a good idea, come to think of it." She could still see him now—he hadn't moved a muscle—he hadn't even touched her—but his love had been as real in that instant as the crashing traffic around them and the lurching car in which they sat. And it had been spring that day, too.

And even in the years after they were married there had only been one or two times. "You do love me, don't you, Jake?" You had to have the words, for some reason. "Of course I do, Lily—what do you suppose?" She told herself again and again that it was true. Only—to hear him say it! Eric wasn't like Jake. Already in six weeks—Lily blushed to herself at some of the things Eric had said. Maybe it was all the drinking he did. But obviously he didn't feel it—he seemed to be impervious to the unpleasant effects of alcohol.

There'd been only one really bad moment between them—a few days before. It was after that she had made up her mind.

They'd finished dinner and were sitting talking idly in the emptying restaurant. Without thinking, Lily glanced at the little diamond watch on her wrist—Jake had given it to her last Christmas. Eric noticed the gesture.

"Worried about that train again, darling?" he asked.

"Well, no, Eric. There's plenty of time. I just didn't want to forget."

He leaned forward across the table. He'd been drinking a lot that evening. There was a strange expression in his eyes—something she'd never seen before. Another Eric—a stranger—dark, unnerving.

"Why not forget it?" he asked.

"Forget what?"

Fighting for time. . . .

"The train, of course."

"But—"

She felt hot and cold all at once. Words stuck in her throat. The room whirled dizzily.

"Lily—I love you."

It wasn't Eric's voice at all.

"I love you, too."

She'd never said it straight out before. She saw the light flare up in his eyes and his hand tremble.

"Then—"

Just one moment—a very long moment—of indecision. Of standing on the brink of something unknown. Then it was over. Lily stood up quickly, pulling her furs around her shoulders and searching in her bag for her gloves. She was shaking from head to foot, but she was free—for a little.

"I must dash. I can just about make it, I think. Will you get me a taxi, Eric? . . . No, don't come to the station. Some one might . . ."

In the middle of the night, sleepless, she said to herself, "Oh, but the next time . . ." There would be no escape. He had only to say the word. He would one day, very soon.

And as she scurried along Madison Avenue on her way to meet him for luncheon, she believed it had come. She couldn't explain. The way he had looked at her that last time—the catch in his voice when they said good-by—the warm quiver in the touch of his hand.

They were to meet at Matina's.

"But isn't that terribly—well, public?" Lily had protested when he suggested it.

"I'm tired of those hole-in-the-wall places."

Didn't that prove she was right?

☆

HE was in the bar when she arrived. At sight of him her heart stopped an instant, as it always did.

"Cocktail, Lily?"

"Divine!"

She didn't really like to drink at noon. But today . . .

They went upstairs to eat. The best table, of course—it was always like that with Eric. With Jake, waiters instinctively put you in a corner and forgot to take the order and mixed things up in general. They seemed to feel his lack of sureness right away.

She glanced quickly around the room. No one she'd ever seen before.

Lily talked a great deal in a fast tight little voice. Eric listened and laughed at the right moments. But there were clouds over the conversation. Behind her flow of words she waited tensely.

They were about halfway through the meal when she became conscious of the woman across the room. She'd caught her eye once or twice, but thought nothing of it at first. Then slowly it dawned on her that there was nothing casual in the interest she'd somehow aroused. She tried to see better without staring or craning too obviously. A pretty young face; a thirty-five-dollar hat; exaggerated dramatic gestures. She seemed to be with another woman and a man. They were all talking animatedly and laughing a great deal. But again and again her glance came back to Lily.

Lily squirmed under the curious, amused, quizzical examination. Once she was sure they were talking about her, because the second woman turned abruptly toward her with an expression amounting to incredulity, and then all three heads bent closer together for an instant.

As she and Eric were having salad, the threesome rose to leave. Lily could really see the girl now. Tall, lovely, but a hard look that one felt shouldn't be there around the mouth and the large blue eyes—it didn't fit in with the delicacy of the features.

And then it happened. Only a matter of seconds or minutes at the most. But in that space everything crashed.

The girl was almost past their table when she stopped and looked down at them—first at Lily and then quickly on to Eric.

"Why, hello—darling! Fancy meeting you here!" she said in a drawling voice that froze Lily.

Eric half rose. His face had gone white and rigid. The knuckles of the hand which held his napkin were white through the tanned skin.

"Hello, Fran. How are you?"

"Alive."

She looked back at Lily again and waited, a small smile beginning around the corners of her mouth.

"Oh, sorry—" Eric stammered. "Fran, this is Lily—Lily, I'd like you to meet Fran."

"How do you do?"

"How do you do?"

"Well—I'll be getting along," the tall girl said. "So long, Eric. Have fun."

Lily smiled mechanically. She was cold and full of dread. Something had just happened while the girl stood there—something terribly important.

"Eric—?"

"That was Fran."

He didn't look at Lily. He was fiddling around with a cracker and his hands were shaking.

"I know, Eric, but—"

"She's my wife, that's all. Now you know. It had to happen sometime, I guess. So go ahead—say it. Say anything you feel like. I agree with you on all counts."

Lily supposed, later, that she had said something. She remembered one hammering thought—Don't let him know, don't let him know. And she remembered his explanation, in spite of her vehement "Eric, I understand everything—you don't need to explain a single thing." It was the same old story: They'd never really been in love; an infatuation; Frances had all the money—what could he do? It was a "perfectly friendly arrangement"—they each went their own way; married in name only.

"That's the sensible way," Lily said in a voice that was tired and flat no matter how sprightly she tried to make it sound.

On the street Eric seemed to have gotten hold of himself again.

"Lily, you're marvelous to take it like this!"

"But don't be absurd, Eric. Why in the world not?"

They stood for a moment.

"Well—what shall we do—walk?"

"Oh, darling—I've just remembered—my hair appointment. How dull!"

"Must you?"

"Yes, I'm afraid so. The Mitchells' party tomorrow, you know."

He hesitated by the taxi door.

"Wednesday?"

"Let's see. No—make it Friday, Eric. Wednesday's impossible."

"That's an awfully long way off."

"I know, but—"

"All right. Friday. Beno's at one?"

"Fine. Thanks for luncheon, Eric. Good-by."

And driving along the street Lily thought, No more Beno's at one, no more happiness that was a kind of heartbreak, too—no more Eric, ever.

☆

BESIDE Jake in the train, she looked out of the window and summoned all her strength. But it had to be done. He was her husband. She would have to tell him—now. No matter how it ended.

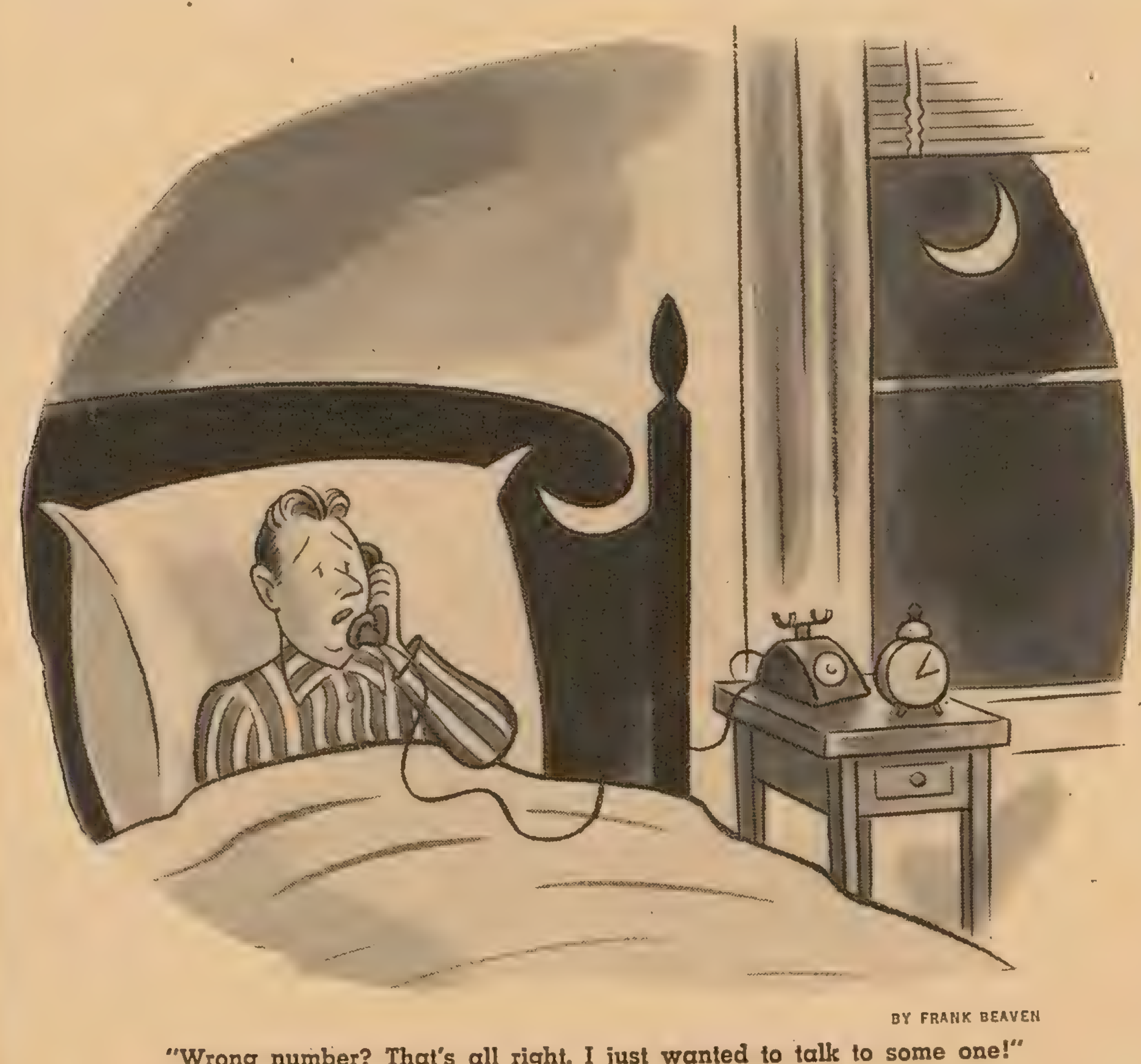
"Jake—I have something to tell you."

The paper in his hand may have rustled. She couldn't be sure.

"I don't think I would, Lily," he said slowly and from far away. "Think it over. These things—well, we're all human, you know."

"But, Jake—I just wanted to tell you—I've just found out—how much I love you. More than anything in the world, Jake!"

THE END

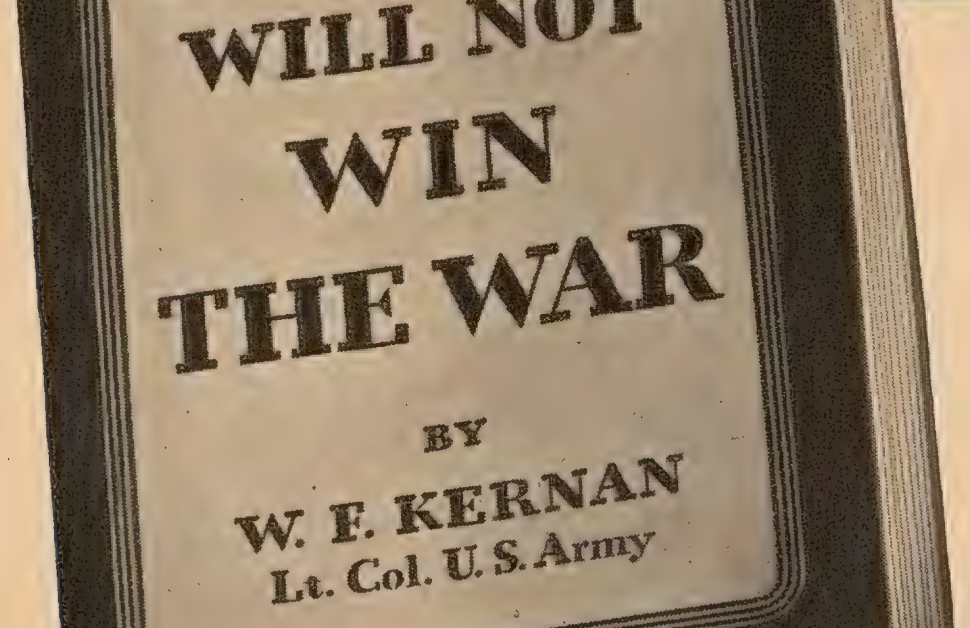


BY FRANK BEAVEN

"Wrong number? That's all right. I just wanted to talk to some one!"

WIDE WORLD

German motorcycle troops pass near Trondheim, Norway. In the distance houses burn, fired by Nazi air bombs.



DEFENSE WILL NOT WIN THE WAR

BY

W. F. KERNAN
Lt. Col. U. S. Army

A Liberty condensation of the year's most widely discussed best seller

READING TIME ● 30 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

☆ AMERICA has always been reluctant to read her horoscope in the skies of other continents. It was our destiny, we told ourselves, to avoid all foreign entanglements. Defense, we thought, was enough to maintain our isolation; and our entire military policy has been oriented toward that end. We watched the Japanese advance in Manchukuo and China, just as we watched the German advance in Europe, with the same sense of security and the same feeling of thankfulness that we were not, like other nations, subject to the vicissitudes of time and circumstance—and war.

With the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor and the Axis declaration of war, the American dream changed. We find ourselves committed to a conflict of civilizations, of cultures, of continents. We find that, moreover, the sort of warfare for which we have been preparing for the last twenty years is precisely the sort of warfare that led France to her doom and brought England to the edge of the abyss.

The problem that now confronts us is this: How can the war be taken to the enemy? How can the striking power of the Axis be threatened at its source? If we are to retain the status of free men, we must mount an offensive. It is the one chance left to us. If we fail to take it, or if we delay too long, we shall find ourselves in due course of time standing meekly alongside of the Old Men of Vichy.

The first step toward a solution of our problem must be the rejection of all wishful thinking. Our own weaknesses, as well as those of our democratic allies, must be subjected to a cold and impartial examination to determine the mistakes that, whatever the cost, must not be made again. For it was not wholly due to the military genius of Hitler that the Axis achieved its present superiority. There was something almost fatally wrong with our international outlook. Some vicious fallacy held us inert and complacent while our enemies were advancing with the sureness of tread and fixity of purpose of an Iroquois scalping party. Twenty-five years of peace and the endless repetition of certain shibboleths had given rise to a sort of collective delusion on the subject of armed combat between nations.

In America during the past ten years any one who brazenly advocated offensive strategy would have been promptly indicted as a "warmonger." Nobody stopped to think that war, even offensive war, might have a proper and rational object, namely, the prevention of aggression. Nobody called attention to the fact that war is an art which admits of the use of intelligence but differs from the other arts in that it cannot properly be exercised without risk.

All this muddleheadedness resulted in the "defense myth" which, with its

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corollaries—the absolute supremacy of sea power and the staff complex—furnished the groundwork for Hitler's sweeping military successes.

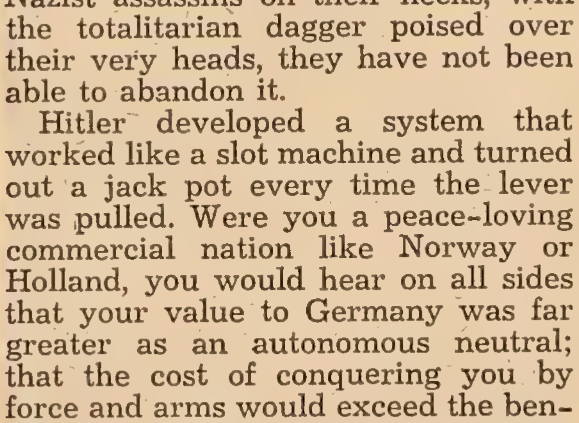
Hitler, taking fullest advantage of the democracies' lack of decision in this matter of offensive warfare, has put into action a veritable juggernaut which no mere defensive system, however strong, can hope to stop. Leave the initiative to him, let him select the time and method of attack, and he will scale every rampart, take every fortress that mortal man can devise. So carefully has he prepared this instrument that it can be counted upon to go on winning victories for him as long as his prospective victims obligingly go on taking the defensive against him. Before long it will not even be necessary for Hitler himself to man the controls.

And there is one aspect of Hitler's warfare which goes considerably beyond anything yet devised for the conquest of other nations: that adroit and extensive use of propaganda which paralyzes public opinion prior to the military advance and is carefully calculated to prevent an attack on the part of the selected victim. Hitler's goal was to induce in those countries whose governments depended for their existence on the vote—the democracies—the notion that absolute offensive warfare need never be waged. The idea was so delightful to the free nations of the Christian West that even now, with the hot breath of the Nazist assassins on their necks, with the totalitarian dagger poised over their very heads, they have not been able to abandon it.

Hitler developed a system that worked like a slot machine and turned out a jack pot every time the lever was pulled. Were you a peace-loving commercial nation like Norway or Holland, you would hear on all sides that your value to Germany was far greater as an autonomous neutral; that the cost of conquering you by force and arms would exceed the benefits to be derived from your friendly co-operation. Nothing would be allowed to disturb your peace of mind and no provocation would be offered you until the appropriate moment arrived for your assassination. That was the way it was with the neutral nations whom Hitler absorbed overnight without the necessity of swallowing twice. France was next in line.

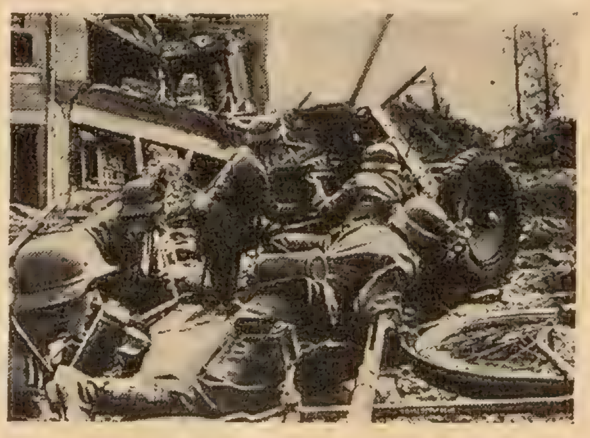
Comfortably employed during the fall of 1939 in working the elevators and air-conditioning apparatus of her fortresses, France must be persuaded that her defense system was impregnable and that Hitler, overawed, was afraid to attack. In the initial stages of the war that began in September, 1939, the world was treated to one of the most brilliant ruses of military history. The entire German strength was massed on the Polish border; the fortifications of the Limes Lines were far from complete. Hitler, for whom the hour of destiny had struck, had to utilize the striking power of his army to smash the Poles. Consequently, for two months at least his western flank was absolutely at the mercy of a French offensive. And here we recall inevitably the dictum of Foch: "A general with even the simplest knowledge of war would have ordered an attack." Had Gamelin done so the war would have been over in a month.

WIDE WORLD PHOTO



German panzer divison troops, accompanied by a small tank, go into action.

WIDE WORLD PHOTO



Nazi antiaircraft troops, in the ruins of a Belgian town, wait for the enemy.

But there was never the remotest chance of the French launching an offensive as long as Hitler's propaganda was successful and the French could be persuaded that defense was enough. Hitler created "facts" to drive home thoughts, and thoughts hardened into convictions by the desire for an easy war and an effortless peace. Frenchmen swallowed easily such facts as the continued attempts at fraternization made by Germans along the western front, the reluctance of German sea raiders to fire on French ships, the strange unwillingness of German planes to drop bombs on French cities, the failure of Italy to declare war. All these seemed to say that it would not be necessary for France to mount an offensive and that the war could be won by sitting still in the fortifications of the Maginot Line. That was what every Frenchman wanted. The war could be won without fighting; and that was what happened in the end. Only, it was won by Germany, not France.

As far back as 1934 General Charles de Gaulle, foreseeing the inevitable conflict with Germany, had pointed out the futility of the French defense plan. He was merely another voice crying in the wilderness. Forty years before, Lieutenant Colonel Ferdinand Foch, instructor at the École Supérieure de la Guerre, was preaching a doctrine which, as Marshal of France, he was subsequently to employ for the discomfiture of that able plan maker, General von Ludendorff. Foch was emphasizing the fact that German offensive strategy is dependent for success on the enemy's remaining on the defensive; and that to upset a German strategist's carefully prepared plan is to defeat him. And Napoleon, the uncontested master of the art of war, had said practically the same thing: had commented, too, on the strength of will and decision it takes to launch a decisive battle.

It was that necessary decision which was lacking on May 10, 1940, when the German armies crossed the borders of Belgium, Luxembourg, and Holland. Neither Gamelin nor Gort nor Corap could find the necessary strength of will to say: "Here, on the terrain selected by me, at the time determined by me, under conditions imposed upon the enemy by me, a battle will be fought which will decide the fate of Europe for the next thousand years." The result was that Hitler said it.

For twenty years the general staffs of the democracies had held up to ridicule the principle of Foch: "Attack." A kind of warfare resulted in which generals refused to take the initiative because they were unwilling to take the responsibility of ordering an attack. Therefore the initiative, the very mainspring of victory, was left to the enemy. The degradation of strategy has never been more complete.

THERE is a point here that must be made clear as noon to every American citizen, because the safety of the republic is involved in it. Let us note and remember that it is not mere weight of metal or numbers or volume of fire hurled against a carefully selected objective in accordance with a plan that constitutes the infallible recipe for victory. Strategy is something more than the application of force. In both defense and attack the three strategic variables—time, space, and force—must still be correctly combined.

It is easy to say "They shall not pass," as Pétain did at Verdun. But in such case all initiative is left in the hands of the enemy. Whether the line holds, as it did at Verdun, or breaks, as it broke at Sedan under Weygand, who had called upon every soldier to "die in his tracks rather than yield an inch," such a battle constitutes the gravest indictment against generalship. And precisely here the generalship of the European democracies failed in 1940 and 1941. There had been in France and England a tendency to submerge the commander in the work of his staff. After the staff had processed an operation in all its voluminous detail, no general born of woman could have put the resulting plan into execution without undue dependence on some subordinate. I say "undue." Any good commander must always be greatly dependent on his staff; but only *his* shoulders must bear the responsibility of making a decision, and the most carefully prepared staff plans do not furnish a solution to the problems presented by an

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Washington crossed the Delaware to make a surprise attack on the enemy.

aggressive and highly mobile enemy. A decision is needed based on the essential elements of the situation.

It is childish to seek the reasons for Dunkirk and Sedan in the mistakes of English ministers or the bickering of French politicians. These defeats were military. Lee had far worse conditions to combat in the Congress of the Confederacy than anything Gamelin or Gort or Weygand ever dreamed of, yet he managed to win several battles. Hannibal was forced to maintain himself in Italy for twelve years without any support whatever from the Carthaginian Senate, and yet Cannae fails to show any evidence of the rifts in the home front. With vast sums spent on fortifications, time for study and training, many resources at their disposal, the best generals of France and England were defeated in a single week.

No Oriental potentate can be more unapproachable than your staff officer of the old "defense" school; and in the fall of 1939 practically every staff officer in the world outside Germany belonged to this school. In that seventh heaven of brass hats, guarded by the twin dragons of preconception and anonymity, rude reality must walk on tiptoe.

There are few—if any—of our military critics who realize the significance of the Japanese "surprise" attack on Pearl Harbor. I think it possible to demonstrate that Hitler's enslavement of Europe in a single year was due not to any invincible military system but to the weaknesses of the opposing armies, weaknesses of twenty years' growth.

England owes her greatness and the British Empire its origin to a strategy that was offensive rather than defensive. The famous theory of Admiral Alfred Thayer Mahan, of a purely naval supremacy, would have been laughed to scorn by the Englishmen of previous generations. If Mahan had been right, the German army would be caged in Central Europe, and Britain would even now be selecting the strategic point for the final *coup de grâce*. The "influence of sea power upon history" meant simply one thing: the supremacy of the British navy in the hundred years after Waterloo when the wars of Europe, owing to the general exhaustion caused by Napoleon, were little more than glorified cat fights. Admiral Mahan wrote his monumental treatise upon the assumption that the cozy, tight little diplomacy of the post-Waterloo era would last forever.

Since Germany was the first to waken from the dogmatic slumber of the Mahan theory; since the German army purge of 1937 ruthlessly weeded out the officers of the Administrative School of War and replaced them by commanders with some sense of the objective (the author will never forget the howl of derision which this action drew from American and British military conservatives); since the armament and training and matériel of the German army were planned for *attack*, it is not strange that the Axis spearheads have had little difficulty in piercing the loins of nations trained only in *defense*.

Keeping these things in mind, we shall be ready to take the next step toward realism—and victory. Let us subject the methods and plans of the enemy to the same cold and impartial analysis which disclosed to us our own weaknesses.

Out of Hitler's determination to exploit the dependence upon sea power that has long been manifest in British and American policy came the doctrine of Haushofer and the geopoliticians. It boils down to this: You have one nation supreme upon the sea, with a small military potential (England), and another (America) powerful upon the sea and with enormous military potential but so distant as to be, for now, negligible as a land opponent. Both these nations are still so devoted to the Mahan theory of the supremacy of sea power that they are as yet unwilling to commit themselves to a major land offensive. Therefore Germany's plan for world domination, called geopolitics, must be based on taking and holding terrain; an instrument, the German army, will be created to carry out the plan; a strategy, Hitler's "continental warfare," will be devised for the prompt and efficient employment of the instrument. And the whole business will be over before the ocean-bound democracies know what it is all about.

America's desire for reprisals against Japan and determination to defend against Hitler for the time being, while furnishing unlimited aid to England and Russia, are a highly important factor in the plan of the geopoliticians for world domination. Germany's offensive force can take, crush, capture, absorb any amount of war material as long as that material is used defensively. Nothing could be better for Germany for the time being than that American war industry should expend its products thus while America is being bled white by a hopeless Pacific offensive against Japan.

It has been brought home to us that the Nazi system means war to the death for America, that the only way to win a war is by shooting, and that the advance of Germany will continue until stopped by the interposition of an insurmountable obstacle. We are now willing and eager to tax and sacrifice for "defense." We are determined to restore the freedom of the seas, to smite the fifth columnists hip and thigh, hunt down Communists, keep the Burma Road open, double the lend-lease program, shoot submarines at sight, fight a naval war with Japan. But all that is not enough.

There was nothing of the isolationist feather about our pioneer forefathers. They were the greatest interventionists, the biggest land grabbers of history. They wrested this country from hostile forces of nature, took it away from the Indians, seized it from the French, the Spanish, the British, dispossessed the slave-holding South, set up the Monroe Doctrine, which Bismarck, forestalling Hitler by half a century, called an "international impertinence"—because it outlawed on an entire hemisphere every other space conception except their own.

The attack on Hitler which is bound to take our armies to Europe is simply the beginning of the tremendous movement of extending the American frontier which is about to begin in the teeth of the most implacable foe that any nation has yet encountered. If an army must control the terrain to its front before it can feel reasonably safe from the attack of another army, how far forward must we place the advance guard of a continent? Where shall the frontiers of a hemisphere be established in a duel to the death between two such inimical concepts of government as democracy and Hitlerism?

The Four Freedoms of the Atlantic Conference — intellectual, religious, economic, and political—have come to be united in a single Fifth Freedom which for the time being is the be-all and the end-all of the American nation: the freedom to fight. While our hands are still untied, our muscles still unbound, our resources still untapped, our independence of action still unfettered, we must use the Fifth Freedom and strike, and strike hard, to end forever the threat to the other four. For as long as that threat persists no other freedom will have any value whatsoever.

To use this freedom as it should be used means heroism on a gigantic scale, and it is precisely this that is now required of us. Shall the Japs be able to gird their loins and practice stern self-denial in order to end our way of life, and we be incapable of sacrifice? Shall the Nazis send armies to die in the snows of Russia and on the sands of Africa in order that freedom may perish from the earth, while we, the self-styled torchbearers of democracy, are content with an effort limited to the action of our navy and air force in the Pacific? Due to the blind folly and invitational weakness of the past ten years, the price for the defeat of these enemies has been steadily raised, until it stands today at a sum as yet unheard of in the annals of military history.

The price is high, so high that, of all the nations still unchained, America alone has the wherewithal to pay it. And this is simply another reason, if indeed another were necessary, why the American effort should be no mere defense project, but a spearhead driven with all the strength we can summon straight at the heart of the Nazi octopus.

The war efforts of the democracies have thus far been characterized by one or more of three cardinal mistakes. They have been either (1) purely defensive in a narrow tactical sense; or (2) where there have been technical offensives they have been too weakly launched; or (3) they have been indirect and they have been aimed at an accessory rather than at the main objective, which, as Napoleon pointed out, must always be the "masses of the enemy."

As to the notion that old-fashioned generalship is in the decline and that the wars of the future will be won by technicians employing the complicated machine placed at their disposal by modern industries: the Maginot Line was such a machine, and the British fleet is another!

False ideas have not been wholly discredited by the German victories. Notions so much in accordance with the weaknesses, the sloth, and the easy wishful thinking of the democracies do not so readily wield their power over the minds of men. Some authorities are still explaining why we should cut our army down to the bare minimum necessary for defense and increase lend-lease spending to the maximum. Some are still talking about the natural protection of two oceans; and it has been stated recently that to beat Hitler all we need is lots of giant bombers. But this is the age-old tragic fallacy of the trick supreme weapon—the weapon that will do the trick without fighting and without risk to the fortunate nation who possesses it and can go into the mass reproduction necessary to overwhelm the enemy with it.

It should be plain by this time that war is won not by machines alone and not by men alone, but by a dexterous combination of the two, given direction by generalship that is willing to take the inescapable risk. It is vital for America and for the world to see and understand the reason for German success.

The key to it is Hitler's concept that if one adopted offensive strategy on a grand scale one immediately got out of the realm in which operations were limited by things that couldn't be done because they had never been done before or because civilized human beings didn't do such things; and you were then perfectly free to try anything once. As long as your concept of the probability of a favorable outcome was based on unlimited offensive warfare, and as long as the rest of the world plodded along with its conservative defensive estimates of the probable and the possible, your dice would be loaded, and no matter whether you did make a few mistakes, it would be very difficult indeed for you to lose in the long run.

With this end in view, he purged his officer corps and replaced the old Prussian martinets with men like Guderian who were wedded to the offensive. Compare the now well known French and British difficulties in the matter of relieving inefficient officers, and our own Congressional outcry over the relief of certain over-age National Guard generals after the maneuvers last fall, and then you see the abyss that separates total military concepts of the Hitleresque variety from the futility and frustrations that hamper the democracies. Are we, the most resourceful nation on earth, going to resign ourselves to trailing Hitler in this matter of administration? Then we are defeated before we start.

Roosevelt's Rough Riders *attacked.*

D.B.Huyett Del
4495

If they had been isolationists, our pioneer forefathers would have got nowhere.

Exactly the same thing goes for the new tactics. After the Maginot Line was cracked and Weygand took the place of Gamelin as commander in chief, Weygand never had a Chinaman's chance to stem the tide of a German invasion. In the battle that he and von Brauchitsch fought out to a finish, what stands out is the tremendous limitations that defense tactics impose on the defenders and the almost infinite opportunity offered to the resourcefulness and ingenuity of the attacker in exploiting any initial success. The Germans broke through at Sedan because their offensive strategy was unlimited by any preconception of invulnerability in the selection of strategic direction, that of the Ardennes, which the French general staff "decided" was impassable. The Germans had selected the Sedan hinge for the application of their wedge simply because through there they could best drive a barrier of steel between the British and French, thrusting the former into the sea and settling the hash of the latter afterward.

Do you suppose the French and British (and American experts with the armies of both) didn't see the advantages of this sort of plan? Of course they did. They had been talking about it, writing about it, lecturing about it for twenty years; but they didn't believe it. The staff mentality had decided in advance that the German thrust was coming from the north, because Plan XIV said so; because only a "visionary," *i. e.*, only an offensive, strategist would so neglect the opportunities of terrain gently sloping downward, easy access to supply bases, short lines of communication, which advance over the Belgian plain would give the attacker. Even when they had unimpeachable evidence that the attack was coming, they still did not believe it but continued to move their armies northward in accordance with the defense myth.

When the attack occurred and was

successful, when the awful, agonizing penetration of France began, they sprang once more to the defense! Not even at the last trump do the defense-minded staff intellects adopt the offensive. It has been argued that the German victory was assured from the start; that no counteroffensive was possible. Nothing could be further from the truth. A great army does not go down so easily as all that unless, as was the case with the French, its assets (its "offensive potential") are frozen by a false concept.

What is necessary first of all is that the high command and staff of an army should be able to think offensively. That means think rapidly and translate thought into maneuvers which will impart the element of surprise into the operations—do what the enemy least expects.

The Battle of France will probably rankle forever in the breasts of Frenchmen alongside "the accursed memory of Waterloo"—only, unlike Waterloo, it was quite unnecessary.

These lessons apply to the situation facing America. The lesson of the Philippines, and of Hong Kong and Singapore, is simply this: Unless the foundations of victory are laid by the formation of an adequate land army—not a garrison or a "defense force"—mere sea power, however great its supremacy over the enemy may be, is useless except for rescue work. The decision to hold the Philippines against a possible Japanese attack (and any one of the age of reason in 1931 should have known that was possible) should have been made ten years ago when Japan, by starting her invasion of Manchukuo, gave us the high sign that she was in the way to become an "aggressor nation."

That was the dead-line date for us to decide either to hold or to abandon the Philippines as a military and naval base. If we had decided to hold, we should have then and there come down on Japan like a ton of bricks. Without a real continental base in Asia, the military position of the United States in the Far East was absolutely untenable.

☆

LET us draw the sword and throw away the scabbard, but as we advance let us be committing to memory these principles that govern the war now being waged: Sea power is indecisive without land power; defensive land power is doomed; offensive land power is only to be gained by the disposal of major forces, including air forces, in a continental theater.

We must launch a major offensive in Europe. We must strike at Adolf Hitler. On no account must we let the war with Japan deflect us from our central purpose or weaken our main effort. We must never forget that the weakening of our effort in the Atlantic theater and the confusion of our opinion on war against Germany have been objects of constant effort and planning on the part of Hitler. To this end was the Japanese attack launched on the Pacific bases. Nor can there be any doubt that, for Hitler, it was launched in the nick of time.

The attack on Pearl Harbor was, from the Axis standpoint, a forlorn hope; the last throw of the dice of a gambler who has staked his shirt. For Japan has no other chance for survival except in sharing the spoils won by a victorious Germany. And Germany, bled white by the losses of the Russian campaign, facing the winter, feeling the ground under her feet begin to tremble with revolution, had to do something that would avert her doom. At this moment, the most critical of the entire war, an American attack on Germany would have spelled disaster. Something must be done to engage America in the Orient so that her vast resources would flow in the opposite direction for a while.

Hitler was bogged down in Russia. By spring his enemies could build a new front against him in the Near East and perhaps in the Ukraine. That front would be built during the winter with American help, manned with American troops to whom the winter of 1941-42 would have given final battle training. That would have been the reasonable thing for America to do. There, in the first miscarriage of the "Great Calculator's" plans, lay the golden opportunity of his enemies to win the war.

☆

NO, the Pacific air and sea attack was not Japanese. It was prepared by Germans, ordered by Germans, and to a large extent executed by Germans. And the author of this bloody high jinks was the grand Nazi mumbo-jumbo who sits smirking modestly behind his mustache in Berchtesgaden, watching with complacency and quite understandable relief the mounting American indignation against Japan. If this keeps up he is safe. Germany is safe and, believe it or not, so is Japan.

Hitler and his Japanese ally are simply duplicating, over a vastly greater area and with tremendously increased potentialities for good or evil, the same grand strategy that worked so well in the squeeze play executed against France in the spring of 1940. It should not deceive us for one moment. In France, the Maginot Line was counted on to hold in the north and center until the French army of the south chastised the insolence of the treacherous Italians. In the case of the United States, a barrage of propaganda was loosed, as Luzon was invaded, to make us believe that the Germans were on the run in Europe and that Russia could deal with them while America, aided by England, launched a punitive expedition against the treacherous Japanese.

If we turn westward with our main effort, we shall be doing exactly what Hitler wants us to do. But if we can bring ourselves to see reality, it is not too late to upset his calculations by an Atlantic offensive launched with all the fire and fury of Gettysburg.

We must strike toward Europe, strike soon and hard. And there should be no doubt as to where the first blow should fall. For every signpost of victory points toward Italy. Without Italy, every hope of Nazi victory goes glimmering. Italy is the solar plexus of the Axis as Germany is its spearhead and Japan its nether end. And Hitler now realizes, too late, the danger to which his already tottering empire is exposed through this, its weakest member. He is now attempting to strengthen his bulwarks in the Mediterranean and is turning wistful eyes toward Spain and Portugal. But he can do nothing provided America can be induced now, at the eleventh hour, to strike at Italy with all her force.

☆

IF Italy falls to us, the combined fleets of Britain and America can sweep every German raider from the seas; Africa is safe, Suez is safe, the fear of a German occupation of Dakar and excursions against South America is removed "for the duration." Most important, we gain a real continental base for the major operations of land warfare in connection with the operation of the Allied fleets. This is the real meaning of the relationship of sea power to empire.

England has long realized the presence of this opportunity, but she could not spare the necessary man power nor bring into action the necessary sea power.

It would take 200,000 men to start with, and another 200,000 to follow every month until victory; three fourths of the American fleet, at least half of the British fleet, every bombing plane and every transport of both nations. It would take ruthless cutting of red tape and—above all—courage. But it could be done, and not a thing could be done by Hitler or any one else to prevent it—provided it was done *in time.*

For Hitler has finally miscalculated, and the only chance for the Axis is the chance that America, having persistently followed the wrong road for twenty years, will be unable to recognize this right road until it is too late to take it.

Everything points to the spring of 1942 as the time the American blow should be delivered. The 200,000 men are available for one month's battle training before the transports are assembled; the air force for their convoy and combat support is on hand. This is the time to strike Hitler before a victory over Russia or over England enables him to gather in his nets for another cast.

Italy's inclusion in the Axis was, from a strictly military standpoint, a hazard, but one that Hitler had to take because of its geographical position, a position which made her the Achilles' heel of Germany. That is what has made Hitler so prompt in dispatching aid to this lame duck even when it was urgently needed elsewhere.

We should strike our first blow at Italy, whose people are heartily sick of war and who long for an opportunity to abjure both Hitler and Mussolini. Are we to suppose that an American triumph over the imitation Caesar, who is more cordially detested in Europe than Hitler himself, will not waken the bludgeoned love of liberty in the breasts of Frenchmen, Greeks, southern Slavs? And by all indications it has not been with unmixed delight that Francisco Franco has watched the spread of Axis influence in the Mediterranean. All of them can do many things to give us material assistance. A general uprising of the Nazi slave states is not beyond expectation, coincident with the first major military victory won by our armies. But before this step is taken by those subject democracies, the free democracy of the Western Hemisphere must initiate some positive action.

It is impossible for a nation, an army, a fleet to be strong everywhere at once, which is precisely what England, in her undue dependence on sea power, has been trying to be for the past ten years. We shall be guilty of that mistake if we throw too much strength in the Pacific, if we continue to look at North Africa as our major theater of operations, if we go on casting wistful eyes at Martinique or Dakar *before we launch a major offensive at an active Axis member.*

What is needed now is the great strategic principle of concentration of effort.

What, exactly, are the facts that should govern our strategy at the present moment? First: The war is entering a phase where absolute—not limited—offensive action is bound to be decisive against the Axis. Second: The possibility of that action depends upon the achievement of sea-air supremacy by the democracies. Third: Such supremacy is worthless unless it can be used to gain continental land power for the democracies. Fourth: To be decisive, such power must be used in a theater where it can operate offensively for the absolute defeat of the Axis.

America is not, for the time being, in danger of invasion, and she has the man power and sea power to take offensive action. To accomplish supremacy, American man and sea power must be concentrated at the point where Britain's sea-air strength is—Europe. And Italy is the only point where that strength may be used immediately to give the man power of America a real continental base for offensive operations.

Given a real objective, American resourcefulness and initiative can be counted upon to overcome unforeseen difficulties as they arise—which is nine tenths of the art of war (according to Napoleon). Finally, we can be sure that every carefully prepared plan of Hitler will have to be scrapped in the face of offensive action by America. That was left out of account by his geopoliticians and his strategists.

☆ HOW are we to unleash our military might and support our allies to the limit while avoiding the dangers of divided counsel and frustration of effort which, in the past, have always attended the warfare of coalitions? The warfare by committee, the political making and breaking of generals—irrespective of worth—the formulation of military plans in accordance with political ambitions—all those operated to raise the Allied casualty lists in the First World War. And they would have resulted in defeat of the Allied armies had America not intervened in the eleventh hour.

In that warfare by committee it was always my general against your general. At the time when Haig was sending divisions to certain death in the mud of Passchendaele and Loos, Lloyd George, who knew about it and held the highest position in the realm, could do nothing to prevent it because of political pressure. It was Foch who, disobeying and even defying Clemenceau, started the German hosts down the inclined plane. He refused to mutilate strategy by accepting politicians' prescriptions. Even after, at the eleventh hour, he was made generalissimo, his plans were hampered and his counsels derided, his orders disobeyed and his recommendations disparaged by the very men, Clemenceau and Lloyd George, who were responsible for his selection. Could not one of the politicians have found the courage to say of him what Lincoln said of Grant when the name of some political general was urged upon him:

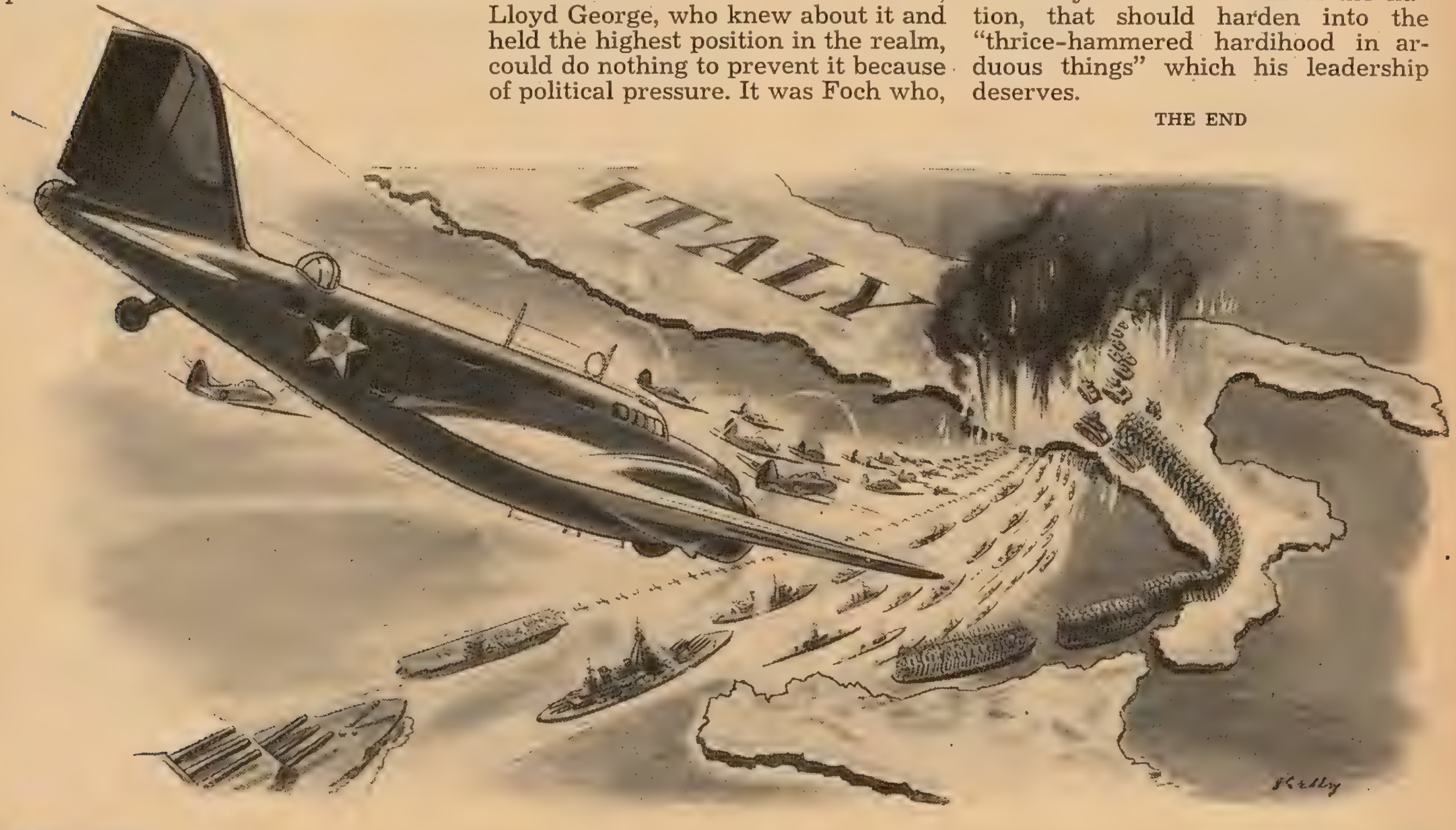
"Leave me this man—he fights"?

What is called the "state" is merely a name to cover the clashing ambitions of the factions. Men who control events of tremendous importance, such as the British failure to apply the "oil sanctions" against Italy, very often remain anonymous.

Before this republic can fight it must unite behind a leader who for the time being, and as regards the conduct of military operations, will be influenced by no considerations other than the defeat of the enemy. Accepting the fullest responsibility for his actions, he must also be capable of wielding and, if necessary, seizing absolute authority in all matters regarding the conduct of the war, trusting always to the people (rather than to the politicians) for his mandate.

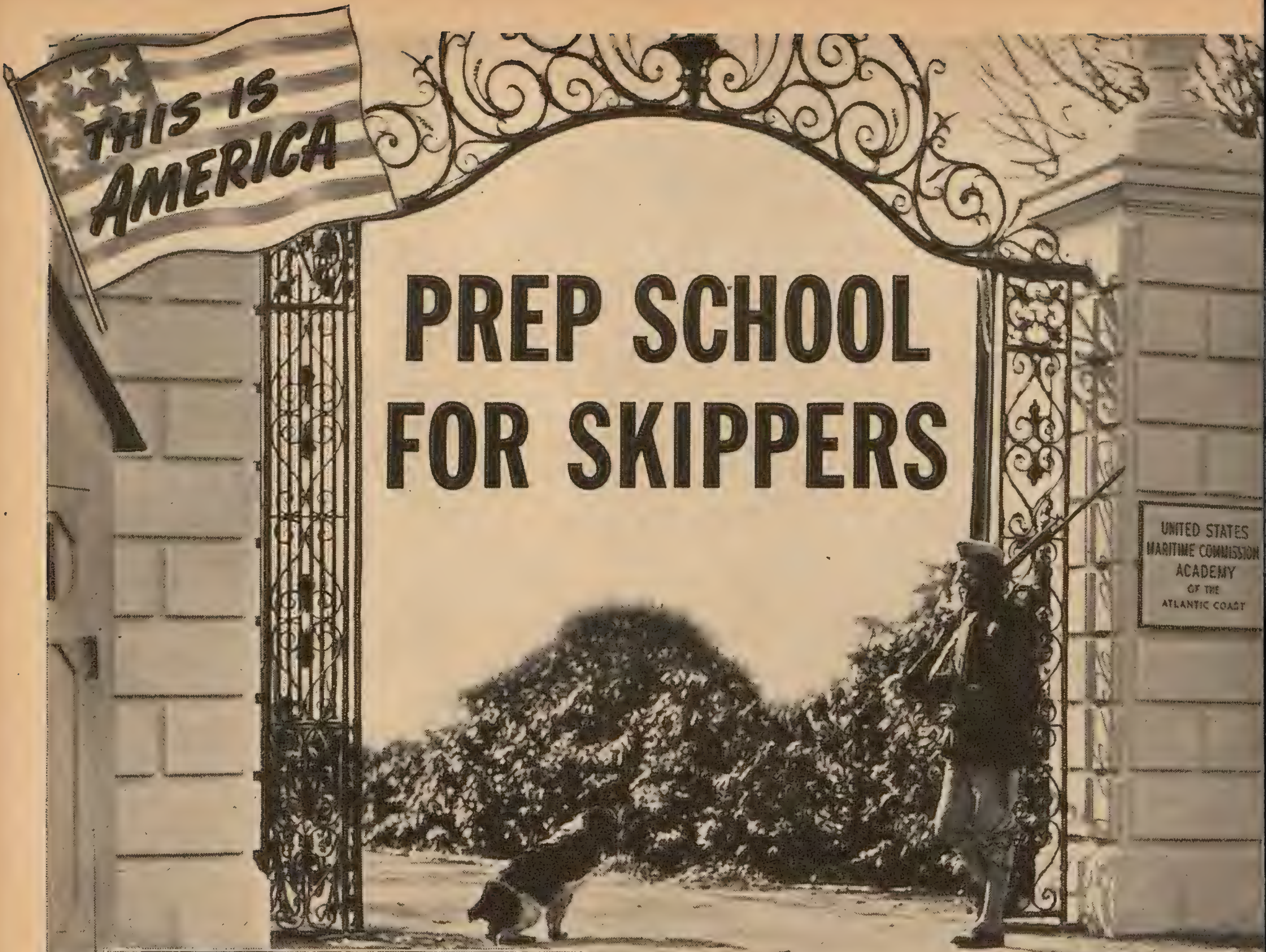
Before the republic can fight with any hope of success it must unite behind a leader who for the time being and as regards the conduct of military operations will be influenced by no considerations other than the defeat of the enemy's field forces. We have had such leaders in the past, and we have one today in the person of Franklin D. Roosevelt. All that is necessary now is the will of the nation, that should harden into the "thrice-hammered hardihood in arduous things" which his leadership deserves.

THE END



THIS IS AMERICA

PREP SCHOOL FOR SKIPPERS


UNITED STATES
MARITIME COMMISSION
ACADEMY
OF THE
ATLANTIC COAST

Two sentries—one four-legged—on guard at the entrance to the Acade

A future skipper must learn how to make up his own bed.

Mess time in the main dining room—once the Chrysler living room.

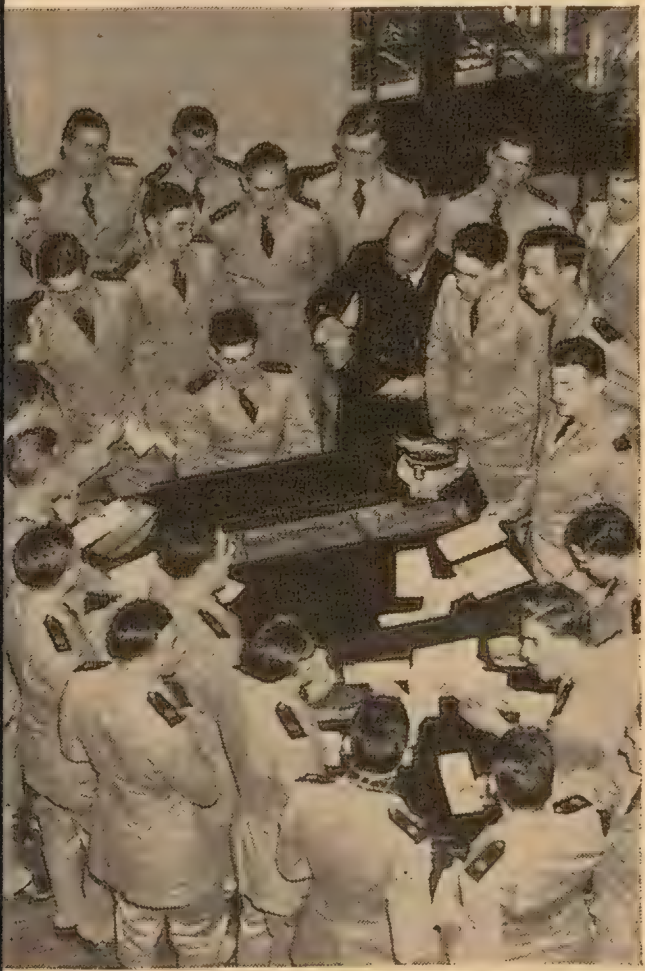
Down the grand staircase come cadets to attend classes.
ACME PHOTO

Lieutenant Hickey instructs advanced cadets in blueprint reading.
N. Y. DAILY NEWS PHOTOS

IT was the seaside home of the late
Walter P. Chrysler, automobile magnate
thirty-five-room mansion on fifteen acres
Great Neck, on Long Island's north shore.
v it's the biggest merchant marine training
ool in America—officially, the United States
ritime Commission Academy of the At-
ic Service. Originally converted to train
cadets for their duties as officers for mer-
ntmen, plans were immediately put into
ct to increase this number to 800. The
rse, as shortened, takes only twenty-two
nths, of which ten are spent in sea duty.

ACME PHOTO

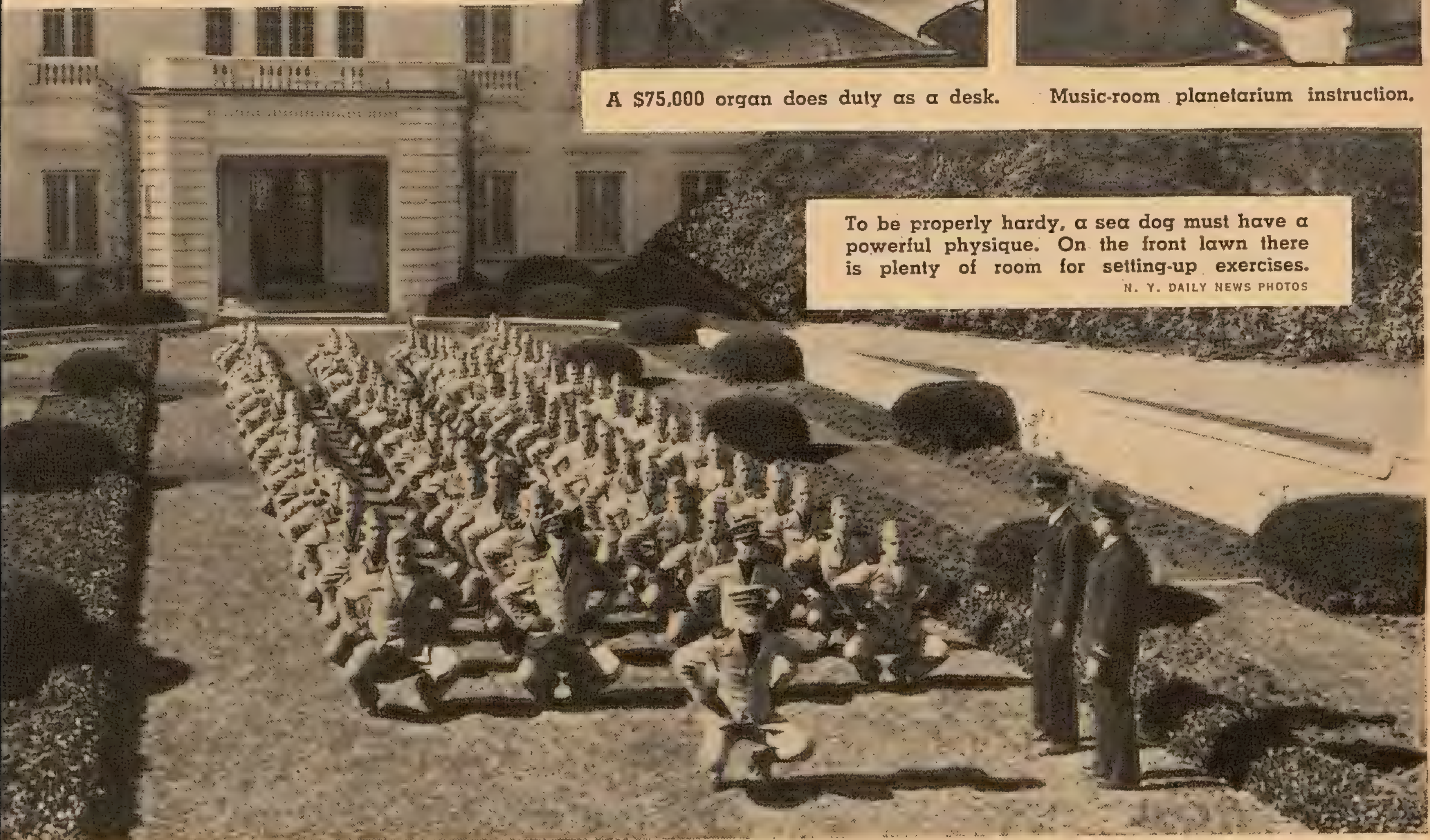
Lieutenant Beale gives a lifeboat safety and navigation class a lesson.



song around the piano during a recreation period.

A $75,000 organ does duty as a desk.

Music-room planetarium instruction.



To be properly hardy, a sea dog must have a powerful physique. On the front lawn there is plenty of room for setting-up exercises.

N. Y. DAILY NEWS PHOTOS

TEN-STRIKE FOR NANCY

BY PHILIP CLARK

READING TIME ● 23 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

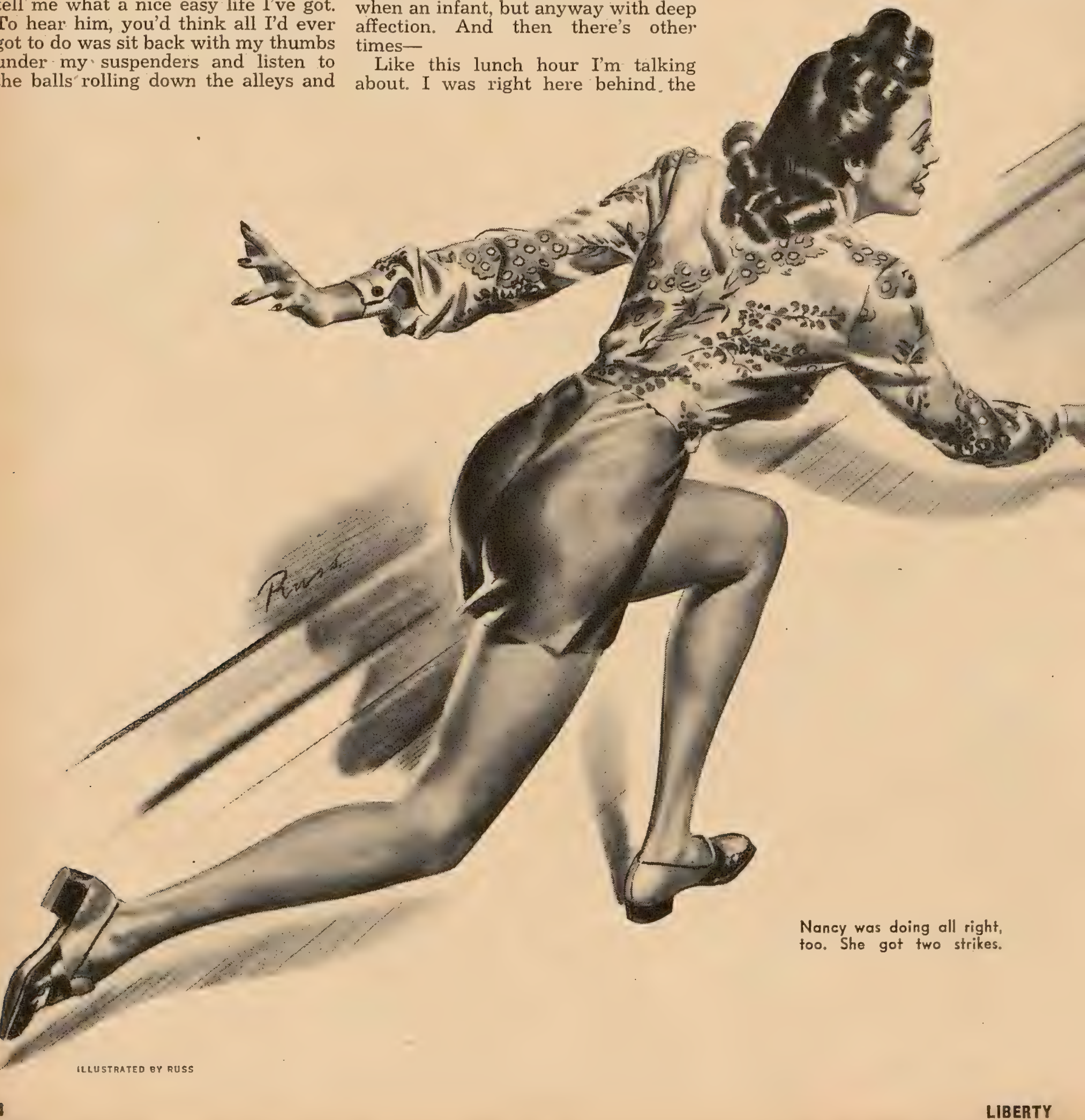
☆ JUST yesterday a fellow was in here from upstate, trying to tell me what a nice easy life I've got. To hear him, you'd think all I'd ever got to do was sit back with my thumbs under my suspenders and listen to the balls rolling down the alleys and the quarters rolling into the till. Which just goes to show. Because, being a stranger in town, what could he know about Wally Speicher?

Don't get me wrong about this. There's times I love Wally like a son. Maybe like a son that fell on his head when an infant, but anyway with deep affection. And then there's other times—

Like this lunch hour I'm talking about. I was right here behind the counter, kind of totaling things up, when Wally Speicher come leaping up here. Not a bad-looking goof, Wally, but a touch frenzied. That's the way Wally always looks when he gets close enough to hear the balls rolling and the pins going *crash*. By which I mean to say that Wally Speicher likes to bowl. I ain't trying to say *how* he likes to bowl. Language has its limits.

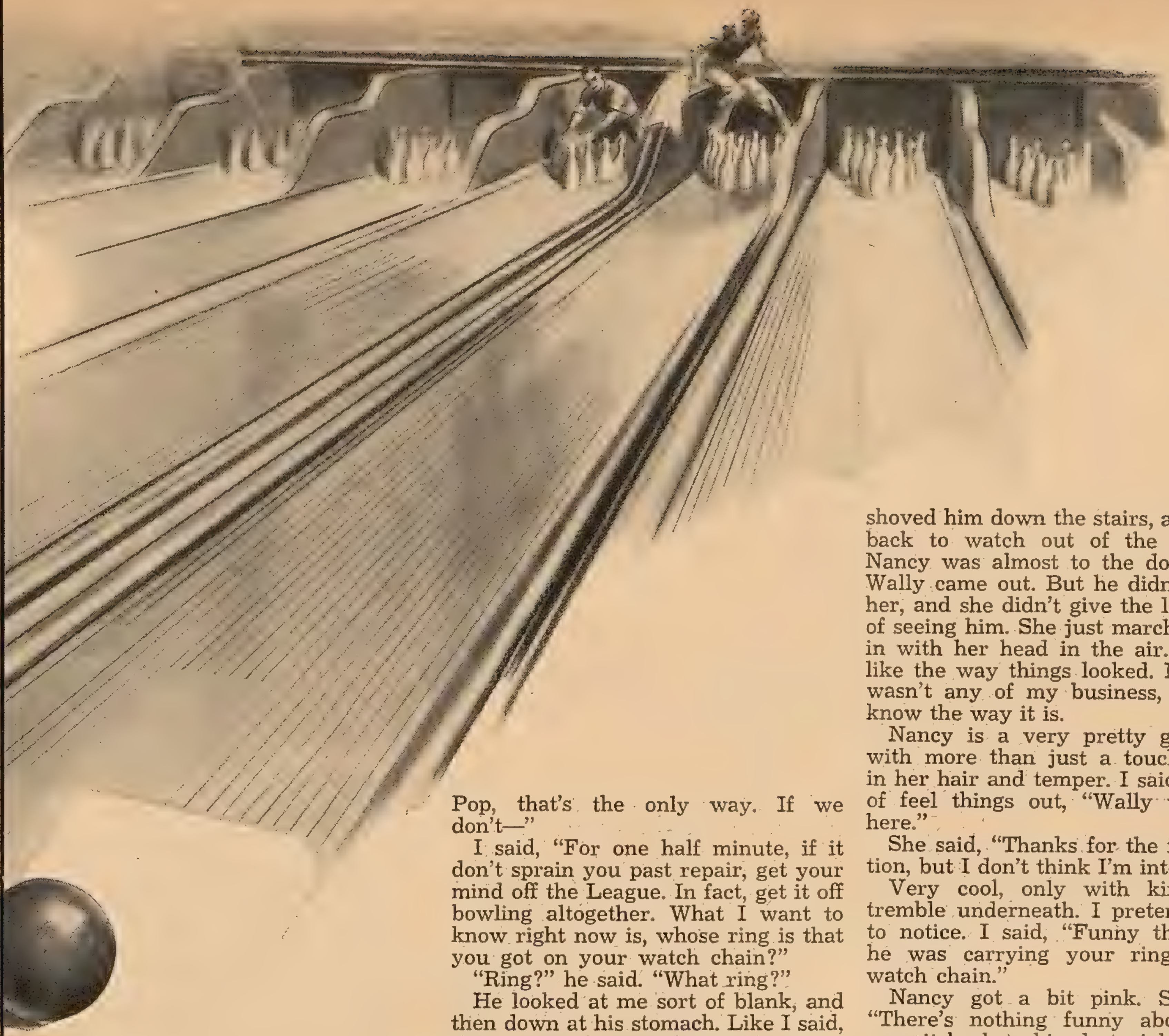
Wally is the one that keeps the Industrial League in a state of hysterical competition, to name just one of his activities. In his spare time he's the best precision grinder they ever had out to the Melsco plant, but that is just a side line. Bowling is what counts.

A little while back he did get his mind off the pins long enough to fall in love. With a girl named Nancy Turner, who is both very beautiful



Nancy was doing all right, too. She got two strikes.

ILLUSTRATED BY RUSS



and a wonderful bowler in her own right. It's a question whether Wally fell for her looks or her two hundred average, but anyway he did fall. And when it happened I thought the worst was over. I thought if any one could make contact between Wally Speicher and the world outside, Nancy Turner was the girl. Which just goes to show.

Because on this particular occasion, as soon as he got his breath back, he gasped, "Pop, something awful's happened in the League!"

I calmed him a little, and the awful truth came out. Seems there was a mix-up about dates, and the Car Foundry team was mad at the Banning Bottling Works, and threatening to quit. Which in Wally's book was the end of the world. I soothed him. I got him a calendar and a pencil and paper to figure things out with, and stood by making low, gentle noises. He figured awhile, and then he gave a great groan of relief. He said, "Pop, I got it! If we just put the Bannings up against the Melscos here in the second—"

I said, "Wally, wait a minute. There's something wrong."

He was annoyed. He said, "Darn it, Pop, that's the only way. If we don't—"

I said, "For one half minute, if it don't sprain you past repair, get your mind off the League. In fact, get it off bowling altogether. What I want to know right now is, whose ring is that you got on your watch chain?"

"Ring?" he said. "What ring?"

He looked at me sort of blank, and then down at his stomach. Like I said, there was a ring dangling on his chain. A very nice diamond ring. I knew I'd seen it before. So, when he was really put to it, did Wally.

"Why, say!" he said, very baffled. "Why, that's Nancy's ring!"

"Exactly," I said. "Nancy's engagement ring. The one *you* gave her. Remember?"

He just looked at it. I said, "I don't suppose you'd know what it's doing there on your watch chain?"

He looked even blanker, then shook his head. "We had a date last night. Nancy must 've given it to me to keep."

I said, "Just why would she do that?"

He said, kind of impatient, "How should I know? Now, about this schedule—"

I said, "Wally Speicher—"

And then I changed my mind. Because I happened to look out of the window just then, and I saw Nancy herself coming down the street. She was heading this way, and something in her manner made me think maybe I'd better see her without benefit of Wally. I said to him, "Go on now. You're late for work."

He wasn't really, but his head was too full of schedules for him to think of looking at the clock. I practically shoved him down the stairs, and came back to watch out of the window. Nancy was almost to the door when Wally came out. But he didn't notice her, and she didn't give the least sign of seeing him. She just marched right in with her head in the air. I didn't like the way things looked. Maybe it wasn't any of my business, but you know the way it is.

Nancy is a very pretty girl, only with more than just a touch of red in her hair and temper. I said, to sort of feel things out, "Wally was just here."

She said, "Thanks for the information, but I don't think I'm interested!"

Very cool, only with kind of a tremble underneath. I pretended not to notice. I said, "Funny thing, but he was carrying your ring on his watch chain."

Nancy got a bit pink. She said, "There's nothing funny about it. I gave it back to him last night."

I said, "You mean kind of to keep for you?"

She got very pink. She said, "I mean *for* keeps. I broke the engagement!"

She wasn't pink any more. She was a good healthy crimson. Well, I could see how she felt. Wally can be a little trying. But I couldn't give up so easy. I said, "Nancy, you know what Wally's like—"

"Exactly," she said. "Right now I'm a good steady two-hundred bowler. But suppose I should slip a little. It does happen. What then? With Wally Speicher, a one-fifty average would be absolute grounds for divorce!"

I tried another tack. "Let's admit, just for the sake of argument, that Wally's got what you might call kind of a one-alley mind. But he can't stay that way forever. He's going to wake up some fine day and realize that there's something more to life than strikes and spares. That's going to be a pretty terrible moment in Wally's life, Nancy. What's he going to do without you there to soften the blow for him?"

She said, "What's he going to do *with* me? In the first place, it couldn't happen for years. Then imagine him coming home all tired out from the alleys some night, and suddenly discovering that he's got a wife and maybe three or four children he never even knew about! Think what a shock that'll be!"

She turned on her heel and walked over to the number three alley and picked up a ball off the rack. She said, "No, thanks, Pop. The subject is closed. I'll never be a bowler's bride."

She slung the ball down the alley like it was ten little Wallys down there instead of just wooden pins.

I went over to her and said, "Nancy, let's just quietly talk this over."

She picked up another ball, and I kind of ducked, but she didn't throw it. I said, "Wally's not really as bad as all that. If you could just make him good and jealous—"

She laughed. A very hollow laugh. She said, "Wally jealous! Pop, you're showing your age. Wally's the best bowler in town by at least twenty points on the game. So who is there for him to be jealous of?"

She had me there. Because the idea of arousing the male instincts of Mr. Wally Speicher without arousing his bowling instincts first was obviously silly.

☆ AND then up the stairs came an answer to prayer. Somewhat in disguise, but an answer just the same.

He was a slender kind of guy, hair slicked down, very smooth dressed. He had a bowling ball in one of these canvas carrying covers, and the kind of bag traveling bowlers carry their shoes and alley clothes in. He stood there at the head of the stairs, looking at the alleys in a very superior manner. I left Nancy and went over to him. He spoke to me, but he was watching Nancy. He said, "You the boss here?"

I said, "Well, I pay the help. What can I do for you?"

"Business," he said. "We can do a little business."

He put his things down and handed me a card. It said: "Jerry Salardo. World's Champion Bowler. Exhibitions of Match Play and Trick Shots."

I gave him the card back and said, "What's your proposition?"

He said, "Just a little exhibition to show these hicks how a real bowler operates. Charge the suckers fifty cents a head. You get ten cents on the dollar."

I said, very sarcastic, "Ain't that most too generous?"

He just waved his hand. "You're only a little dump. You ain't even on my regular tour. But I got an open date. I can give you a break on it."

I said, "One thing, Mr. Salardo. I know we're kind of off on a branch line here. But me, I thought Al Bentzer was world's champion."

He just sneered. He said, "That punk? Sure, he claims to be. But will he roll a match with me? He will not! I got him terrified!"

That was his story, but I didn't figure it was worth arguing. This Salardo was watching Nancy. She'd gone back to her bowling, and she was doing all right, too. She got two strikes just while we was watching. Salardo said, "It's finding money, friend. I got placards all printed up. It piles 'em in. I do some trick shots. Then I put on a three-game match with your local hero. I nurse him along to make it look good, and then I beat the pants off him. It's sure-fire."

I thought about Wally Speicher, who is nobody's sucker with a bowling ball, and I got just a little bit mad. I said, "We got one guy here that just possibly might change your plot a little."

This Salardo smiled his highly superior smile. He said, "That's what they all say. But I wouldn't take advantage of you, friend. You watch, now, and then tell me if you want to put bets on it."

He sat down and changed his shoes and shucked his coat off. Then he took that pet private ball of his and went over to the number four alley. Right beside Nancy. She was waiting for Elias to set up for her, so naturally she sort of watched, too.

This Salardo took a little run and let fly. Right then, big mouth or no big mouth, I had to admit that he was a classy workman. He got a strike, and then two more strikes as fast as the boy could set up the pins. Nothing fancy about his delivery on those. Just smooth and beautiful. Then he said, "Now watch this one."

He just walked up to the foul line with the ball in his hands, and dropped it. At least, that's how it looked. The ball rolled very slow down the alley. It sidled over to the right-hand gutter and almost fell in, and then it staggered back to the other side and did likewise, and ten feet from the pins it headed back to the middle and right for the one-two pocket. When it hit the pins it was barely moving. But the pins all went down, and the ball didn't even go into the pit.

Salardo turned away, sort of dusting his hands off, and he said to Nancy, "Not bad, hey, sister?"

He wasn't what you'd call the retiring type. Nancy kind of blinked. Right then was when I had my idea. It was only half born, but I plunged ahead anyhow. I said, "Nancy, this here is Mr. Salardo. He's going to give an exhibition."

Nancy said, a trifle cool, "I'm sure he'll be wonderful."

Salardo said, "Babe, you ain't seen the half of it." He picked his ball off the rack again and said, "You ain't so bad yourself, kid. You could be a good bowler with a couple or three lessons from some one that really knows. How's about it?"

Nancy just looked at him. I guess he was kind of a new type to her. But my idea was just about all born now. I said to Salardo, "Look, now. There's no use having this exhibition tonight. It's too late to get the word around. You'd best make it tomorrow."

He said, "I don't know about that. I'd have to shuffle a couple of dates to do it." He give Nancy a long languishing look. "But it could be managed."

He hollered to Elias, and had him set up a pin in the middle of his alley, halfway down, and another pin in the middle of number three. Then he bowled down very slow. It was an awful thin shot, and Salardo jumped up and down on the foul line, flapping his arms at the pin and hollering. What bowlers call "body English." Trying to wish the ball where they want it to go. Only with Salardo it was just an act. He knew he wasn't going to miss. The ball just nicked the pin, and it spun way up in the air and came down smack on top of the pin in number three. It was quite a shot.

Salardo dusted his hands off again with that cocky gesture. I said, "I can get this guy you want to bowl against up here tonight. So you can sort of try him out. Fellow by the name of Wally Speicher."

I saw Nancy's eyes fly open. Salardo said, "Anything you say, friend. There's always some big hick ripe for a trimming." He winked at Nancy and said, "How about you and me tonight, kid? Little supper before, and maybe kind of ride around after? There's things I could tell you about bowling."

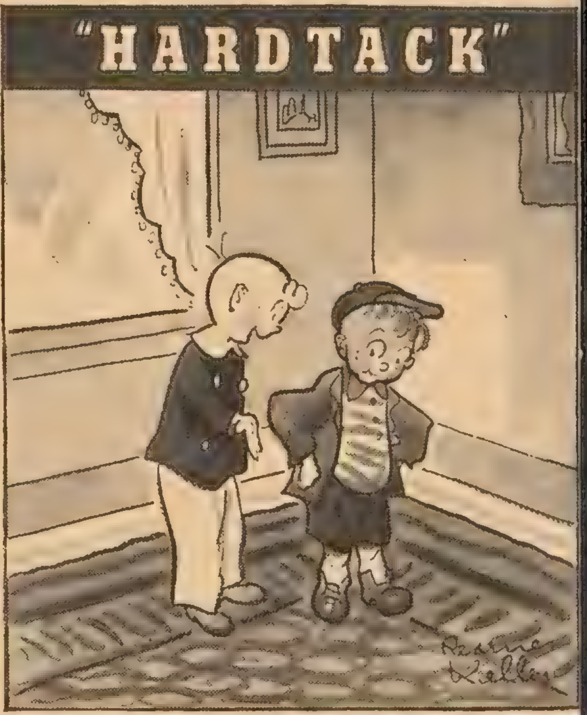
Nancy was just struck dumb. I got her eye and nodded fit to bust my neck. She was too dazed to do anything but nod back. Salardo thought she was nodding at him, of course. He hollered to Elias to set up for another trick shot. I said, "Pardon me a moment," and walked off toward the counter.

Nancy came right after me. She was looking at me like I was crazy. She said, "Pop, *what* are you trying to get me into? Of all the conceited, insufferable, self-blowing—"

I said, "For goodness' sake, Nancy! What's one evening against a whole life's happiness? You don't have to go riding with him. But you can at least walk out the door in his company."

She said, "I could, but why should I?"

BY REAMER KELLER



"We call it the magic carpet. It's already made four trips back and forth to the installment house."

I said, "So that Wally can see you."

She just looked at me. Then she looked at Salardo. She said, "Oh. Oh, I see."

She didn't say anything more, so I took silence to be consent, and kind of eased her over to the stairs.

☆ ABOUT four o'clock I called Wally up at the plant, and told him what I'd let him in for. He made swooning noises all over the telephone. He said, "Gee, Pop! I can't roll against a guy like that. He'll make a dope out of me."

But he was there at eight, all right, and nervous as a cat. He rolled a couple of balls to limber up, and then he come over to me and said, "Pop, have you seen Nancy today? I went by her house right after work. I wanted to tell her about this match. But she wasn't home."

I said, "That's no surprise to me. I happen to know she's got a date with this Salardo."

Wally turned pale. "Salardo!" he said. "How'd she get to know him?"

I said, "Just happened to be here when he come in. Looked to me like he made quite a hit with her."

Wally said, "She can't do that! She's engaged to me!"

"Not according to Nancy," I said. "She claims she gave your ring back and everything."

I could see for the first time that things was kind of beginning to sink in. When he looked at me again, his eyes was haunted. He swallowed hard.

"Pop," he said, "this Salardo—can he—can he really bowl?"

I said, very deliberate, "Well, Nancy thinks so."

It was cruel. But it was for his own good. He sort of reeled away. But he wasn't the only one that was suffering. About nine o'clock Salardo and Nancy breezed in. Anyway, Salardo breezed. But I was shocked when I saw Nancy. There was a glazed look in her eyes. She pulled herself together, though, when she saw Wally. She was very cool to him, and managed to cling a little on Salardo. Like she was drowning, and nothing to grab but a log covered with rattlesnakes. But Wally was too far gone to notice. The minute he and Salardo got through being introduced, Nancy came over to me. She said, "Pop, I can't go through with it. You never saw such a man! He hasn't stopped talking one tiny instant. He thinks I'm madly in love with him—"

I said, "What do you care, if Wally thinks so too?"

I took her by the arm and dragged her back to the alley. Wally and Salardo was rolling their practice match, and it was pretty awful. Because, for once in his life, Wally's mind was off bowling. He kept looking at Nancy instead of the pins. He was terrible.

Halfway through the first game, Salardo came over and hissed in my ear. He said, "What is this, anyway? I *can't* be lousy enough to make it look like this guy's got a chance. It just ain't possible."

"I told you career women don't make good mothers!"

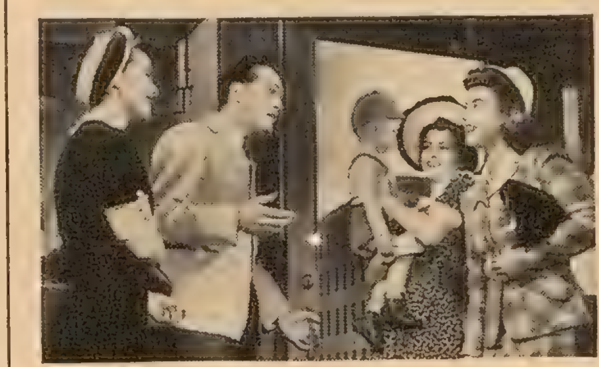
1. The girls were pulling someone apart, and I heard them mention "career women." Then I knew they were talking about ME! So I decided to hear how far they'd go ..."Why, Anne, she runs that baby the way she runs her office! He's so pampered. She's got special soap, special powder . . . and even a special laxative. Why . . ."

2. "Hold on, Lucy," I interrupted. "I'd better join this conversation since it's about me! Seems to *me* I'm a pretty *sensible* mother. *Especially* about that laxative! You wouldn't give a baby the same *foods* you eat, would you?"

3. "It may interest you to know that our *doctor* approved Fletcher's Castoria because it's mild and safe and because it *is* made especially for children. Babies aren't just small editions of adults. They're *babies*."

4. "You know, medicine strong enough for *us* can be too strong for a baby's little insides. That's why Fletcher's Castoria is so perfect. It's not 'harsh' or griping . . . it's gentle as can be. Come on over and ask the druggist."

5. Well, the druggist said Fletcher's Castoria was the finest children's laxative he knew. Its chief ingredient, he said, is senna. Senna is not habit-forming, and is officially recognized in the Pharmacopeia of the United States.



6. "You see," he went on, "senna works mostly in the lower bowel . . . doesn't upset little stomachs. It works almost 'naturally,' without irritation—in about 8 to 12 hours, so it doesn't interfere with a child's sleep. That's why I always recommend Fletcher's Castoria, and suggest the money-saving Family Size."

7. We went home, and Bobby needed a laxative, so I gave him Fletcher's Castoria. He took it, grinning. P. S. I haven't heard a word about "career" women since.

Always take a laxative only as directed on the package or by your physician.

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The SAFE laxative made especially for children.

A minute later Wally edged over beside Nancy. He said, "I'd kind of like to see you after we get through here."

She was groggy but she was still game. She said, "I'm sorry, but I've got a date with Mr. Salardo."

Wally swallowed hard. He said, "How about tomorrow for supper?"

"Still sorry," Nancy said. "I've got a date with Mr. Salardo for then, too."

Wally looked at her. Then he said, "So that's the way it is?"

Nancy said, very cool, "So it seems."

A kind of a look come into Wally's eyes. He said, "A guy like that. With grease on his hair."

Nancy said, "Try putting some on your own hair. Then maybe you could bowl, too."

That look in Wally's eyes got even more so. He said, "So you think I can't bowl?"

Nancy said, "I used to think you could—till I met some one that really could."

Wally stood there looking at her. He was mad. He was madder than I'd ever thought any one could be and not burst of it. He scared me. Because all I'd figured on was a little jealousy, and this was heading for what a narrow-minded jury would be all too apt to call murder. But it did do one thing for Wally. It fixed up his bowling.

He got a strike on the next ball. Then he got another strike, a spare, and two more strikes after that. And from then on he really gave Salardo fits. He even beat Salardo one game, and the others was the thinnest kind of almost. He got higher scores than he'd ever made in his life before. But when it was all over, it was Salardo that Nancy went out with.

Wally stood there in the alley, watching them go down the stairs, still clutching a bowling ball in his hands. Then he looked at me, and then at the ball, and then he dropped the ball crash on the floor and kicked it. But of course he only hurt his toes.

* * *

WE had a good turnout the next night. The seats in back of the foul line was all full, and there was at least a couple or three hundred people crowding along the walls. I elected myself referee and scorekeeper. Nancy was sitting right beside me, and she was very pale. She'd had another date with Salardo, and I guess the limit of her endurance was not only reached but long gone.

She leaned over to me and whispered, "Pop, Wally hasn't even tried to see me. He's awfully mad."

I said, "Well, ain't that what we want?"

She said, "I—I thought so. Now I'm not so sure."

I said, "Shucks, there's nothing to be scared about. All he needs is a good jolt. We're giving it to him. Even better than you think."

Wally and Salardo was rolling a few balls to kind of warm up, and just that minute Wally turned around and looked at Nancy. Unless you knew why, it was a very peculiar look. Not mad any more. Kind of—well, exalted. Kind of out of this world. Nancy got the full blast of it. She grabbed my arm.

"Pop!" she said. "What have you done? Why is Wally looking at me like that?"

I patted her arm. I said, "Nothing to get excited about. I just kind of needled Wally a bit. I—well, I gave him to understand that you're pretty far gone on Salardo, but you're willing to be a good sport about it. You've decided to—to go along with whoever wins this match."

Nancy sank back in her chair. She said, "Pop! You didn't!"

I said, "Darn it, don't you *see?* Salardo beats him. Wally is filled with desolation and woe. Bowling ain't everything. It's even lost him the one thing he wants. Meaning you, of course. It's awful cruel, but you don't keep him in agony long. You tell him it's all a mistake. It's really him you love. Bowling ain't everything to you, either. He gets the idea both ways. Don't you see?"

"Exactly," Nancy said. "Oh, quite! But there's one thing you forgot to figure on. One little thing. What if Wally wins?"

I said, "My goodness, Nancy! Just look. Wally *can't* win!"

Nancy said, "But just suppose it. Then I'd be a trophy. A *bowling* trophy. All the rest of my days!"

I started to say something, but yelped instead. A large blonde lady—a stranger to me but not to loud perfumes—was treading massively on my toes. I said, "Lady, please! Kindly move back so I can see to referee this match."

She gave me an unfriendly look and said, "I paid for a place, didn't I?"

"I said, "Yes, ma'am, but not on my feet."

She moved off then, but reluctantly, and still muttering. I didn't like her type. Also, I didn't like the suspense. I hollered for them to get the match started.

So they begun. And from the very first ball I knew that Nancy was right. Somehow, she'd known how Wally would be. He was transported. He was full of sacred fire. He couldn't seem to miss.

He got three strikes in a row. Salardo got three strikes, too. But in the fourth frame Wally got another strike, and Salardo missed. He made the spare all right, but it gave Wally the edge. Salardo was really sweating. I guess he'd managed to get a few bets down around town, and he probably had to give pretty good odds.

Then, in the seventh frame, Wally rolled another beautiful ball; but somehow the pins just didn't fall. It left the three pin up, and the seven way back in the left corner. That's a very tough split. Wally looked at it, waiting for his ball to come back to the rack. Then he turned and came back to us. It was the first time he'd given the slightest hint he even knew Nancy was there. He said very low

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and with a kind of heartrending tremble in his voice, "Nancy, there's one thing I want you to know. No matter what happens, I did the very best I could. I want you to know that."

Nancy said, "Oh, Wally! Wally, listen."

But he just went back to the rack and picked up his ball. He rolled it down fast. It just kissed the three pin, and the three skittered across and knocked down the seven for a lovely spare. And Wally went on from there to win the game.

Nancy just looked at me. I looked at Salardo. And Salardo looked like he was seeing ghosts. But he did win the second game. After all, he was a professional. He scored 275, and Wally couldn't quite make the grade.

But that third game was something else. Maybe Salardo was a little rattled by all the noise. Maybe the mere prospect of losing actual cash upset him. Anyway, he missed twice before the eighth frame. Just enough to keep Wally in the game. People was hollering their heads off, and the large blonde was doing jitterbugs across my toes. She was the only one there hollering for Salardo, but I was too occupied to wonder why. Nancy was saying over and over, "Come on, Wally! Oh, come on!"

I said, "For goodness' sake, Nancy! Now you *want* him to win?"

She said, "Yes, of course! *No!* Certainly not! Oh, I don't know!"

Which was kind of inconsistent, but no time for pointing it out.

☆ THEY both got strikes in the ninth frame. Wally was two pins ahead. That meant if he struck out—got a strike in the tenth frame, and then strikes on both his extra balls—he was bound to win!

He got the first one. And the second. I thought the roof was going to come off. But on the third he hooked his shot a whisker too far to the left. When the pins quit tumbling, there was three of them still sticking straight up in the air. And that was all for Wally.

But Salardo still had to strike out himself to win. He stepped up there, and for a man sweating like he was he looked awful cool. He rolled down, and *bam!* the alley was clean. He rolled again, and *bam!* another strike. His third ball—socko! Right in the pocket. The pins was tumbling to heck and gone—except one pin in the corner jiggling and trying to stay up. For what seemed hours. But it keeled over. And Wally had lost.

Nancy jumped up from her chair, and me too. Wally just stood there. Salardo took a long breath. Only he didn't make any cocky little gesture of dusting off his hands. He said to Wally, "Pal, there was just a second or two when you had me worried."

He stuck his hand out, but Wally didn't take it. Wally said, very bitter, "Well, I guess the best man won. If she wants it that way, I guess that's the way it is."

Salardo said, "What *is* this? If who wants what?"

Wally said, "Only don't expect me to come to the wedding!"

Salardo said, "Say, listen—"

Nancy grabbed Wally's arm, but he shook her off. All of a sudden he said, "No! I'll be darned if you will! Not unless you fight me first!"

And he made a pass at Salardo. Salardo ducked. "For what?" he hollered. "Fight you for what?"

"For my girl!" Wally hollered back. "No guy can do this to me! No matter how good he can bowl!"

I heard Nancy kind of moan. And then it hit. Like a tornado. The large blonde woman. She come scattering spectators like chips before the gale. Salardo took one swooning look. He hollered, "Hazel! Where'd you come from? Now wait a minute, honey—"

She yelped, "Don't honey me, you—you bigamist! I'll show you how many girls you can be engaged to at once!"

She grabbed, and Salardo ducked. But too late. She had him by the collar and the seat of the pants. She must have been a champion bowler herself. Anyway, she got Salardo off in perfect form. Right down the alley with just a little hook to the left. He lit rolling, right in front of the pins for a perfect strike.

The blonde swung around. She looked very, very large. She bore down on Nancy. And she was at least three times Nancy's size. It was no time for appeasement. The light switch was on the wall right behind me. I grabbed it and yanked out the lights. And before any one could get them on again, I grabbed Nancy with one hand and Wally with the other, and hauled them out through the little back door that the pin boys use. It was a very near thing.

We stood there on the back stairs, breathing hard. Sounds from within indicated that the lights were on again, and that Mr. Salardo's fancee was taking Mr. Salardo away from there. With sound effects. But away, which was what counted.

Wally looked at me, and then at Nancy. He seemed kind of dazed. He said, "There's—there's something I don't understand."

I said, "Just let it ride, Wally. Let it ride."

He said, "But didn't you *tell* me—"

Nancy took hold of him. She said, "Never mind about that, Wally. Please."

Wally looked at her. He was trying hard to catch up. He said, "Then—then you didn't really—"

"No," Nancy said. "Not really. It was just a—a momentary infatuation."

Wally hesitated a moment, and then a look of infinite understanding came over his face. He kind of patted Nancy's hair. He said, "Sure, honey. I don't blame you. Hair grease or no hair grease, the guy certainly could bowl! It's all right, honey. I understand."

Nancy looked at me over his shoulder. She was either laughing or crying. I wouldn't want to say which.

THE END

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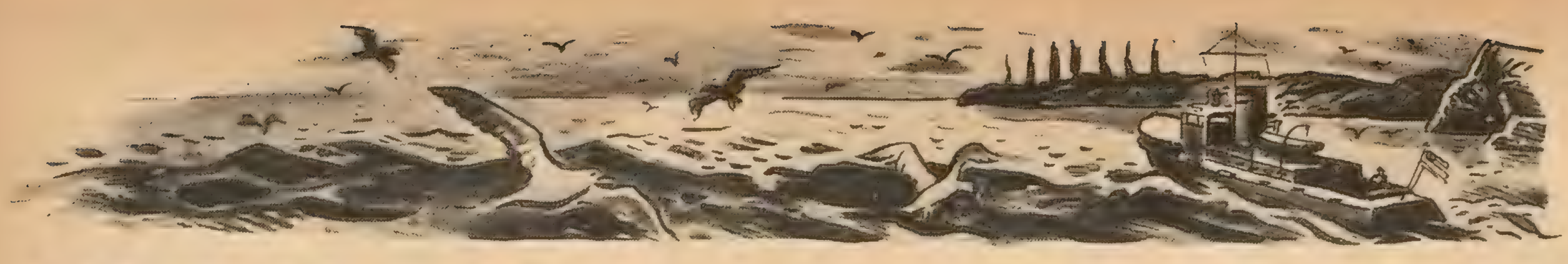


ISLAND OF THE SEVEN DEVILS

BY COREY FORD

READING TIME ● 29 MINUTES 11 SECONDS

☆ DR. MACAULEY, sent on a bird survey of the Aleutian Islands by the National Museum in Washington, D. C., came upon a troubled, threatening state of affairs in that outpost. The valuable sea-otter herds were dwindling mysteriously, and Huneker, the game warden, suspected Brand Connor, a young trader, had a hand in it. Especially as he had done business with Maluk, an oleaginous and corrupt Asiatic storekeeper who had been caught in several suspicious operations. To intensify the sinister atmosphere, Lozier, his mate, tried to stab Brand in the back; but a woman's scream saved him, and the trader thrashed his assailant unmercifully.

That woman was lovely Eden Trane, who was the newly wedded wife of Jimmy Trane, one of ornithologist Macauley's young friends, on patrol duty in the Alaskan waters. Brand fell in love with Eden on sight, and she responded to his dark gaze as if half hypnotized.

Game warden Huneker on a secret search of the Seven Devils Island met with foul play, his boat left upturned. Directly afterward Dr. Macauley overheard an incriminating conversation between Maluk and Lozier. Then an incendiary fire swept over the barracks being built. Eden and the bird man, going to see if Jimmy had been trapped in the burning building, found him bleeding from a fall or an attack.

". . . top drawer of desk," he gasped, "before they . . ."

PART FOUR—THE MISSING LETTER

☆ I ROSE and flung myself against the office door. It burst inward with my weight; and for a moment I staggered and tried to get my balance. The glare of the fire, like a flashlight photograph, printed every detail ineffably on my mind: the desk in the center of the room, the top drawer pulled out and emptied, the few loose papers scattered on the floor, the crouching figure poised on the sill of the window, his gun pointed at me. I recognized Lozier even before his familiar whining voice warned me, "Stay where you are!"

He held the gun in his right hand, and with his left he lifted the window sash the rest of the way. He gave a half twist, flung himself backward and outward into space, and was gone. It was so abrupt that I took a step toward the window and said stupidly, "Hey . . ."

"Doc Mac!" I heard Eden call sharply.

She pointed behind her. The flames had reached through the window at the end of the hall and were licking along the ceiling. Already they had cut off the way we had come. Eden began to tug at Jimmy hysterically. He was a dead weight, and she sank back exhausted. I put an arm around him and hauled him erect, and hesitated, uncertain which way to turn. The smoke had wrapped around us in a solid gray blanket shot with bright orange threads.

Eden gasped, "I can't—I can't breathe!"

A yellow eye was coming toward us through the smoke: a single fantastic eye that moved close to the floor, weaving, prowling, rising suddenly to full height before us.

"Down," Brand Connor ordered. "Get down on your hands and knees."

He laid Jimmy on the floor, whipped out a handkerchief, tied his wrists securely together. He explained as he worked, in jerky sentences: "Saw the fire from the ship. Ran up here. Caught a glimpse of you just as you started in . . ." He finished knotting the handkerchief, crouched on his own hands and knees, and looped Jimmy's arms around his neck. Jimmy's limp body rested across his back. He said to us briefly, "There's a back exit," and placed the flashlight in his mouth, and began to creep ahead of us down the hall, dragging Jimmy behind him.

Absurdly, like children playing Indians, Eden and I crawled down the hall in his wake, gagging with the smoke, panting, fighting our way toward the welcome rain.

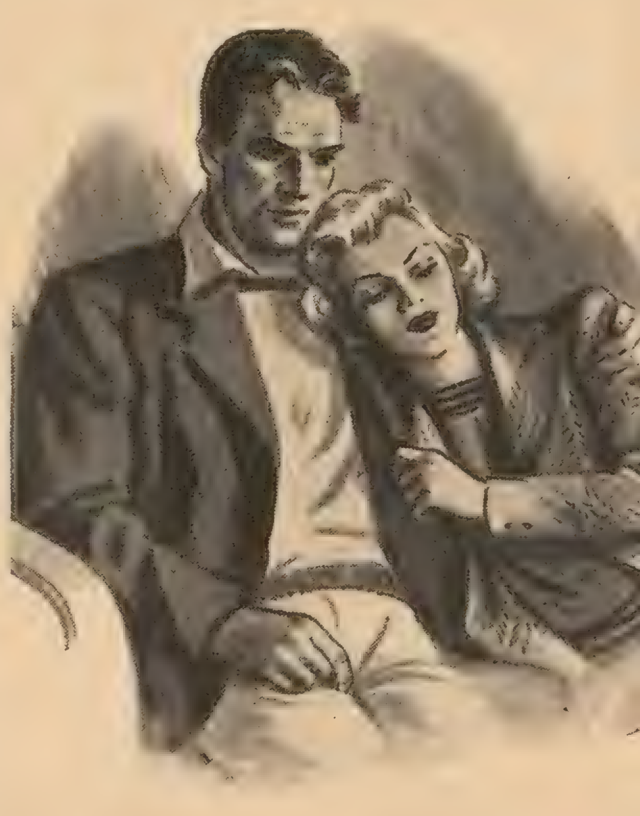
☆ ONE thing puzzled me as I sat in the waiting room of the hospital later that night—early the following morning, to be more exact, since it was well past dawn before the fire at the base was brought under control. Jimmy was resting comfortably, Wallie had reported a half hour ago from the sickroom. Eden was exhausted, half asleep in her chair. She rested against Brand, pillowing her head in the hollow of his shoulder. He had his arm around her to support her, and now and then he looked down at her in silence. I filled my pipe, tamping tobacco slowly into the bowl as I ran over recent events in my mind.

What I could not understand—and the more I thought about it the more confused I became—was Lozier's part in the whole proceedings. Evidently he had known the exact location of the papers—he had gone directly to the desk; nothing else in the room had been disturbed—and yet his important role in the conspiracy did not tally with the conversation I had overheard a few days ago beneath Maluk's window. That it had been a conspiracy, of course, I had no doubt now. It was obvious that the fire had been no mere attempt at sabotage; the thing had been cleverly planned.

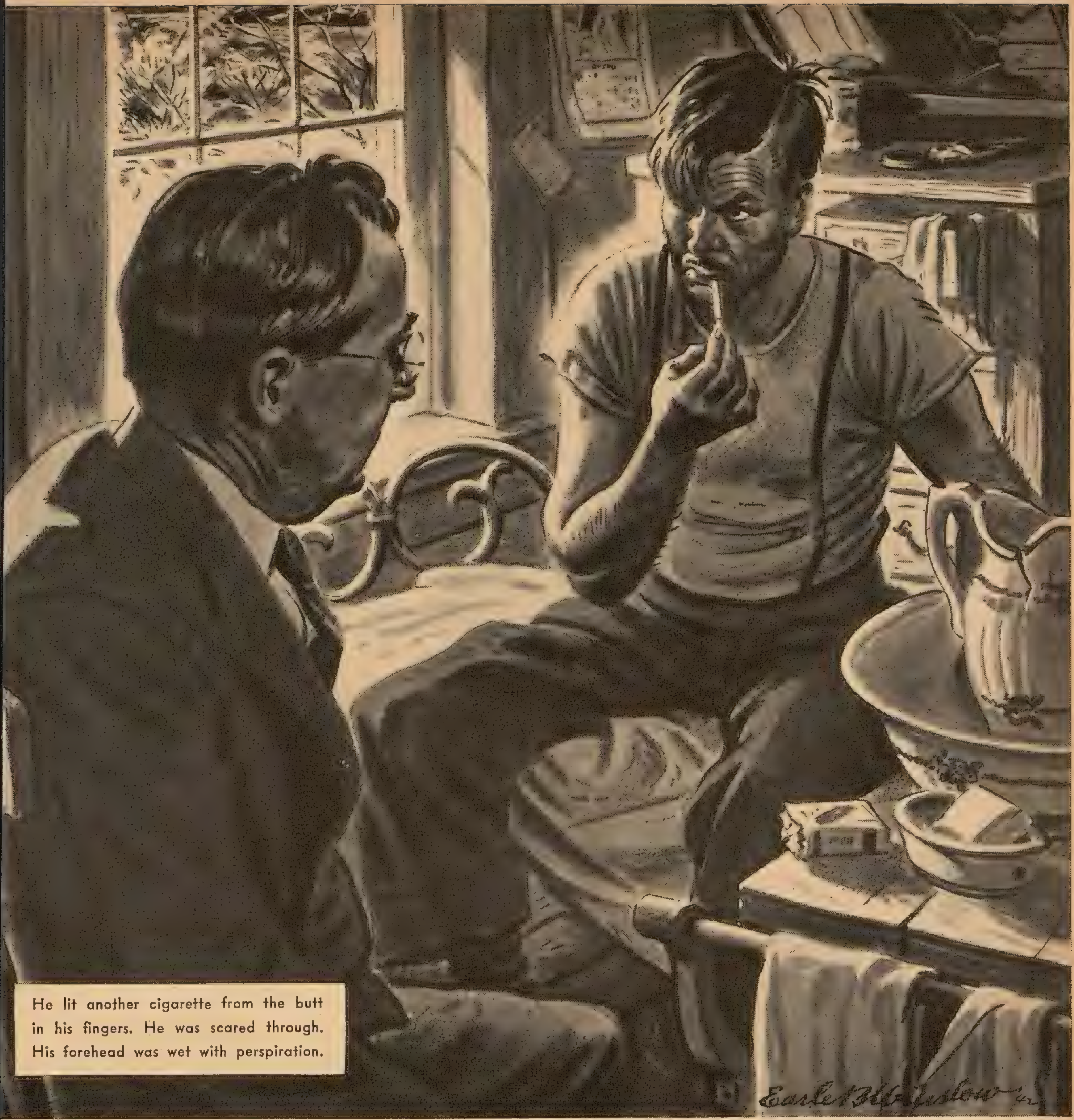
The conspirators had waited until they had spotted Jimmy in town, and then, taking further advantage of the protection the mist and rain furnished them, had started the fire to draw every one's attention while they proceeded to their main objective. The plot, save for Jimmy's unexpected interruption, had worked perfectly.

Eden stirred in her sleep and mumbled childishly, "I'm so tired," and opened her eyes. She smiled up at Brand for a moment, and shut them again. Abruptly a frown crossed her face; she realized where she was, and sat erect with a little gasp. "Jimmy?"

"He's in the next room," said Brand



"It's all right," said Brand. "Don't cry."



He lit another cigarette from the butt in his fingers. He was scared through. His forehead was wet with perspiration.

ILLUSTRATED BY EARLE B. WINSLOW

gently. "He's resting."

She allowed herself to settle back again in the bend of his arm, too weary to think clearly. "What are we going to do?"

Brand did not answer.

"What are we going to *do*?" she repeated, her voice rising uncontrolledly. She sat erect again. She was on the verge of hysteria, I could see. "Don't you see, Brand? He was responsible for those papers. It means everything to him—to me."

A muscle hopped in his jaw.

"We've got to do something, because"—suddenly she began to cry in utter exhaustion—"because I love him," she said, and buried her face in Brand's shoulder.

His arm tightened about her and he drew her toward him.

"I do love him, Brand."

"I know," he said to her almost curtly. "Don't cry, Eden."

Her convulsive sobs seemed to rack her.

"It's all right," said Brand. "It's going to be all right. Don't cry."

He held her, and there was a resolved look in his face; a sudden fighting resolve.

"Listen, Eden," said Brand. "Listen to me. We won't say anything about the papers being missing yet. Do you hear me? We won't say anything about it—do you hear?" He said over his shoulder: "You hear that, too, Doc? We're not saying anything to anybody."

He bent toward Eden.

"Do you hear me, Eden? Do you hear me, sweet?"

His deep-set moody eyes looked past her. His lips pressed against her hair.

Wallie opened the door of the waiting room. "He's asking for you now, Mrs. Trane, if you want to go in and see him."

Eden rose and hurried through the door, dabbing futilely at her nose with a crumpled handkerchief. Wallie's

BEER
RESEDA LIQUOR STORE
Wade Monroe

"Well, well, here it is Saturday again!"

BY WADE MONROE

impassive gaze went from Brand to Eden, and back to Brand. Only the corners of her mouth pulled down a little.

I took the opportunity, while Eden was with Jimmy, to go back to the Tyee and change. My clothes were soaked through. I was grimy and sweaty and, I realized, enormously hungry. I bathed and had some breakfast, and returned to the hospital a couple of hours later. Brand had departed. Eden had taken a mild sedative, Wallie said, and was resting in an adjoining room. "There's nothing she can do right now. We've just got to wait."

I looked at Wallie questioningly, and she shrugged.

"You can't tell much yet. He seems to come out of it for a few minutes, and then slip back again. I've just given him another hypo." She gestured with her head. "Go in and say hello. I don't think he's asleep yet."

Jimmy was propped on the pillows. His head was heavily bandaged and his face was white; but he managed a smile as I entered the room.

"Hello, Doc Mac," he said wanly. "Fine mess I made of it, eh?"

"It wasn't your fault, Jimmy."

"At least," he said, "it could have been worse. If they'd ever gotten to that desk—"

Fortunately I was standing out of his direct line of vision and he did not see my face.

"Apparently I must have frightened them off," he continued. "At least, Eden said nothing was . . . Not that it wasn't bad enough having the fire, but . . . Can wire Washington for a new set of prints and . . ."

His voice seemed to be fading a little and his mind wandered. He made an effort to rouse himself.

". . . got to get going. No time to lose," drowsily. "Be up and around in a day or so. Start rebuilding . . ."

"Never mind about it now, Jimmy. Try to get a little rest."

He nodded. "Little rest," and shut his eyes. He was asleep almost instantly.

I turned to leave, and an envelope caught my eye, propped on the medicine tray beside his bed. I glanced at it curiously. The handwriting was sprawling and illiterate. With a quick glance at Jimmy, I picked it up and pried open the loosely sealed flap.

There was a single sheet of blue-ruled paper inside the envelope. It had no letterhead or date. Evidently it had been written in considerable haste.

"Liuetent Trane. If you can garantee me—" There was an insertion mark, and the word "positivly" was written above—"protecsion, I will tell some things of very interesting to you. I am in room 9, Seversons, second floor. Do not tell anybody else. Come at once. P.S. be sure inform nobody whatsever of this."

I put the note back in the envelope and sealed it again, and replaced it on the tray.

Wallie was just coming down the hall as I emerged from the room, her arms full of fresh bandages and towels.

"He seems a little weak," I said. "Of course that's only natural. Might be better," guardedly, "if he doesn't have any mail or anything for a day or—"

"If you're referring to that letter," Wallie said evenly, "a native boy just left it. I don't know who he was."

As usual, her bluntness took me a little aback. "I don't believe it's anything important," I said. "If Mrs. Trane wakes up, just tell her I'll be back in an hour or so."

I spoke with somewhat more confidence than I felt. A new and disturbing thought had just struck me. Save for Brand and Eden and myself, it was generally believed the blueprints had been destroyed in the fire. No one else but ourselves were aware they had been stolen. It occurred to me—as I hurried down the street toward Severson's—that what we knew made our existence highly undesirable to certain determined individuals whose identity I could only guess.

Severson's Roadhouse—Alaskan for hotel—was at the extreme end of town. I had passed it frequently in my wanderings: an ugly box of a building with weather-beaten clapboards and sagging eaves. A rotting boardwalk led through a tangle of fireweed and wild lupine, waist-high, to the front door. The lobby was dark and deserted and smelled of pipe smoke and cooking cabbage. There was a display of enormous red geraniums in the bay window, a couple of broken leather chairs, and eight spittoons by actual count. The linoleum on the floor was pockmarked by countless calked boots, and a threadbare path had been worn across it to a bare wooden counter at the rear of the lobby, evidently a combination hotel desk and bar. There was no hotel register. I tapped an old-fashioned bell on the counter.

A big-boned slatternly woman with a clubfoot lurched through a door and pushed a wisp of gray hair out of her eyes with the back of her hand. She looked at me stonily. "Yeah?"

"I'm looking for Mr. Lozier," I said.

"Never heard of him."

"He's supposed to be in Room 9."

"How could he be, if I never even heard of him?"

"Who's in Room 9?"

"There ain't nobody."

"Do you mind if I have a look?"

"What's the good of looking? There ain't anybody there."

"I'd like to look at it, anyway."

She blocked the way at the foot of the stairs. "I told you there ain't anybody there. How many times do I have to tell you anything?"

"If you won't let me up," I said, "I'll have to get the marshal."

She blinked at me uncertainly, and I took advantage of her momentary hesitation to shove past her and mount the stairs. She clumped after me hurriedly, making surprisingly good time in spite of her handicap. She reached the top landing only a step or two behind me. I moved down the hall, studying the tin numerals tacked on the doors, and halted at the very last door. I knocked sharply.

There was no answer.

"I told you there wasn't anybody there," the woman said.

I knocked again. "Lozier?" I called.

"Come on," the woman said. "I got work to do."

I tried the knob, but it did not yield. "If there's nobody there," I said, "why is it locked?"

"We keep spare mattresses in there and mops and stuff."

"I'd like to look inside."

"I haven't got the key."

"Where is it?"

"Mr. Severson's got it," she said. "I only work here."

I knocked once more. "I'm Dr. Macauley," I said loudly. "It's about your note."

"You'll disturb all the guests," the woman said, scowling.

"Lieutenant Trane asked me to come here," I called through the door. I was beginning to feel a little silly.

There was a silence. "Come on, will you?" the woman said. "There's nobody in there."

I heard a chair scrape, and a bolt slide, and a key turned in the lock. The door opened a crack. "All right," said Lozier. "Come in." He scowled at the woman as I entered the room. "I told you not to let anybody up."

"He knew which room it was. I couldn't help it."

"Don't let anybody else," said Lozier, "if you don't want any trouble." He shut the door and turned the key again, and dropped it in his pocket.

There was nothing in the room but a four-poster iron bed, the sheets rumpled and slept in, and a washstand with a cracked basin and two towels on the wooden rack, and one chair, and a bureau. Lozier's gun, I noticed, was lying on top of the bureau. He crossed the room and sat down heavily on the edge of the bed, which gave a protesting squawk of springs. He lit a cigarette from the butt in his hand, and dropped the butt into the spittoon beside him.

"Where's Lieutenant Trane?" he asked sullenly.

I seated myself on the chair. "He's in the hospital."

"I know that. Why didn't he come here?"

"How could he?" I said. "He's hurt."

"You mean—" Lozier's face went yellow; his bloodshot eyes rolled; and suddenly he began to curse to himself in a low frightened monotone. "What did he want to get hurt for? I only tapped him. I couldn't help it. He come up on me in the dark. I didn't even know he was there. It was him or else me."

I realized he had been caught off guard, and I pressed my advantage. "He's in pretty tough shape."

He began to rock back and forth on the edge of the bed, wringing his hands and lamenting. The muscles knotted in his freckled arms, and his fingers were laced together between his knees. "It's always like that. Everything I do. Every time I try anything, it always goes wrong." If the circumstances had been different, his self-commiseration might have been funny. "My luck's all gone."

He continued to moan and roll his eyes like a cornered animal. I almost felt sorry for him.

"My luck's all gone," he insisted. "I got a hunch. I might as well go out and take it. I might as well get dressed and go out right now—only I just can't make up my mind. It's going to happen anyways. I got a hunch about my luck."

"Nothing's going to happen," I said, "if you'll turn over the papers—"

"Papers?" he said, surprised. "I haven't got any papers."

"But I saw you—"

"Hell," he said, "they were gone when I got there."

"I don't believe you," I said slowly.

"Why do you think I'd be willing to talk," he said indignantly, "if I had hold of the papers? I'd be sitting pretty. I'd be able to hold the rest of them up for anything I wanted. They'd have to cut me in, or else." He sneered. "Do you suppose I'd be hiding out like this if I had them papers?"

I hesitated. His ingenuousness was convincing, and I had to admit his arguments made sense. "Do you know where they are?"

"Sure I know."

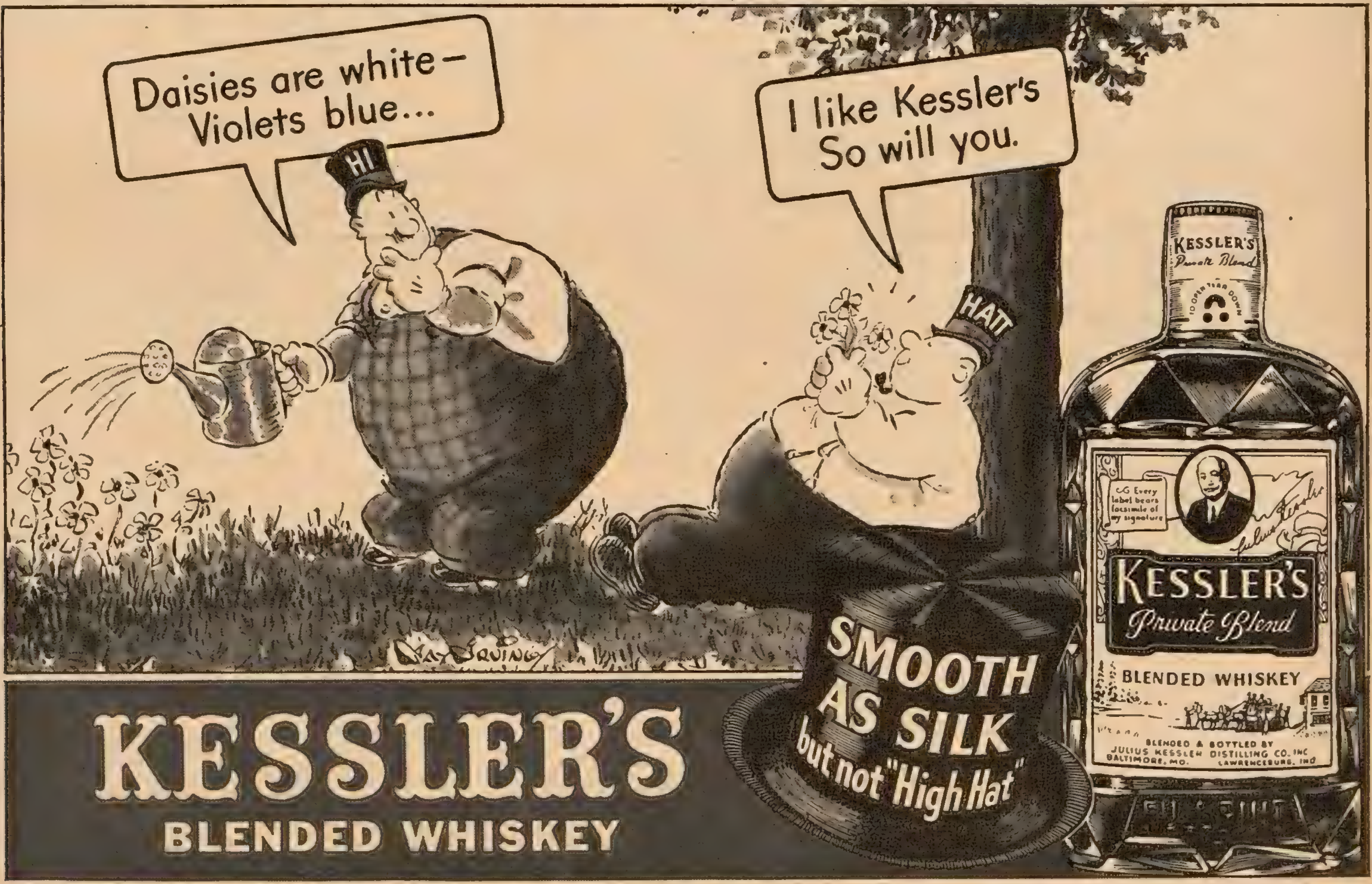
"Where?" I asked in relief.

His eyes narrowed shrewdly. "Oh, no. I don't spill anything till I'm sure I'm going to get out of here first."

"Where do you want to get?"

"Anywheres. On a ship. Away from here, is all. It's too hot here. What we were in before, that was all right;

Mr. HI and Mr. HATT Pick a Daisy



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but this here is too hot. It ain't my line. I don't want any part of it. I want to get away from Alaska, see. I want to get away from the heat."

He laughed mirthlessly at his joke, and lit another cigarette rapidly from the butt in his fingers. He was scared through, I could see. His forehead was wet with perspiration and the cigarette shook in his fingers.

"All I want is protection, that's all. It's worth it to the lieutenant, tell him. I got things it would be worth it to know. I know a lot. That's the trouble," bitterly. "I know too much."

"How can we be sure you'll tell us the truth?"

"I'll prove it. I'll take you to Seven Devils and show you. I got nothing to hide. Why should I hide anything?" He shrugged. "The more the rest of them's got hung onto them, the longer I'll live. I'll live longer all the rest of my life."

I was still trying to find a catch in the thing somewhere. "All right; I'll tell him. You'll still be here when I get back?"

He looked at me incredulously. "You're a riot, Doc." His shoulders rose and fell, but he made no sound. "You're a scream, no kidding. Where would I go? You know what would happen if I tried to go any place? You know what they do around here to anybody that's ever crossed them up? They don't fool!"

He padded across the room soundlessly in his stockinged feet, and listened at the door for a moment. He turned the key cautiously.

"Nothing's going to happen," I assured him again.

"I hope not," he said. "Only I can't help a hunch I got about my luck." He cupped the cigarette inside his hand, and held the door open just wide enough for me to squeeze through. "Hurry back, will you, Doc?"

I heard the key turn, the bolt slide into place, the chair scrape again across the floor.

☆

I DESCENDED the stairs and crossed the lobby—the woman was watering the geraniums, but she did not speak to me—and hastened down the street toward the hospital.

My mind was confused. Lozier's panic had seemed genuine; but it was possible that the whole thing had been a hoax designed either to lure me off the track or else—a chilling thought—to find out how much I really knew. I had no reason to trust Lozier. His apparently casual reference to Seven Devils might have been a deliberate trick to get me away from Uliak while something else was attempted. Of only one thing was I sure: he himself had not stolen the papers. I believed that much.

Wallie was just emerging from the hospital as I approached, a mackinaw coat thrown over her white uniform.

"How is he?" I asked as she hurried past me.

"Better. Thought I'd run out and grab a cup of coffee," she said, "while he had some company with him. I feel sort of rocky, after all night."

She looked unusually tired, I noticed; her face was white and drawn.

I could hear a murmur of voices in Jimmy's room; and, as I paused uncertainly in the corridor, his door opened. Maluk came out of the room, trailing profuse farewells over his shoulder. He wore a trim morning coat buttoned tight over his egg-shaped body. The native girl, Tatiana, walked a couple of feet behind him, slim and silent.

"It's so distressing, so very distressing, Doctor," he whispered, glancing behind him at the closed door. His pince-nez glasses misted with emotion. "I wouldn't have had it happen for anything in the world."

"I guess we all feel that way," perfunctorily.

"We can only admire his courage," Maluk sighed, folding another of his parchment sentences, "risking his life in the performance of his duty." He shook his head. "A falling beam, I believe Mrs. Trane said."

"Something like that."

"We must make sure he does not attempt to get up too soon," he said. "We must not let him run any unnecessary risks."

He smiled and bobbed his head and beamed at me and pattered down the corridor—obsequious, courteous, apologetic. Tatiana followed him impassively through the door.

☆

JIMMY was decidedly more chipper. There was color in his face, and his greeting was cheerful and hearty. "Come in, Doc Mac." He grinned at me. "Good heavens, don't look so serious. Everybody looks so serious this morning. I'm all right."

"I'm glad you're feeling better."

"I told you I'd be up and around in a day or so," he said. "I'll be as good as new, once my ears stop ringing." He laughed. "From the way Eden looks over there, you'd think there were something really wrong."

Eden managed a twisted smile. Her face was thin and tired, but she was trying to keep up a brave front.

"Even Brand was all upset when he left here." He turned to me, his blue eyes serious. "There isn't anything wrong, is there, Doc Mac?"

"Of course not," I lied at once.

"You see, Eden? The fire set back our program a little, but we'll make it up as soon as the new blueprints get here. It isn't as if anything had happened."

Eden tried to change the subject. "It was thoughtful of Maluk to call, wasn't it, Doc Mac? Did you see the beautiful flowers he brought? Tatiana arranged them."

She pointed to the vase of flowers on the bedside stand, beside the medicine tray. I said absently, "They're very—" And then I halted, a cold feeling inside me. Something was wrong, I saw. Something was very wrong. The tray was empty.

"Did you get that letter?" I asked quickly.

"Letter?" said Jimmy; and Eden echoed, "What letter, Doc Mac?"

"There was a—I thought I noticed

a letter. Must have been mistaken," I said lamely.

Lozier's yellow frightened face seemed to float in front of me: "I got a hunch about my luck." I rose. "Excuse me, Jimmy. There's something—"

I hurried down the street toward Severson's; but I knew, even then, that I was too late.

* * *

GLANCING back over what I have written, I realize that I may have given the impression that the exciting happenings of the preceding two weeks had driven all thoughts of birds from my mind. That would be far from the truth. Despite the rapid-fire events taking place around me, my scientific interests still remained paramount.

In fact, as I look back on those crowded weeks last summer, I realize that my fundamental concern—up to the very moment when my own life was so suddenly and terrifyingly threatened—was with my ornithological researches; and the swift and sinister drama in which I was involved seemed unreal and far away. The very pages of my diary indicate how oblivious I was to what was going on around me, how carelessly I ignored the most obvious storm warnings in my overwhelming scientific zeal. "Wednesday, July 9," the routine entry reads. "Made return trip to Seven Devils Island. Observed numerous Crested and Least Auklets. . . ."

And yet that entry in my diary came near being the last.

Even the murder of Lozier had not succeeded in making me forget a puzzling specimen I had found on Seven Devils Island; though the shooting had been a grisly business, and the trapped look that had been on Lozier's face, the last time I saw him, haunted me for days afterward. Somehow, his death had seemed inevitable. Perhaps his own hopeless resignation—"I tell you, Doc, I got a hunch"—had steeled me for what I would find as I hurried back down the street to Severson's. I think I half expected to see a gaping crowd in front of the yard; but the house was deserted and silent as I arrived, and no one accosted me as I ran up the uneven boardwalk and opened the front door.

The lobby was still dark, and smelled of stale smoke and staler cooking. The gray-haired woman poked out her head, as I crossed the lobby to the stairs, and said sullenly: "Oh. It's you."

"Is he upstairs?" I said.

"Where else would he be?"

"Nobody's been to see him?"

"I ain't heard anybody," she shrugged. She watched me as I mounted the stairs.

I hurried along the upper hall, and knocked on the door of Number 9. "Lozier," I said.

There was no answer.

"It's Dr. Macauley," I said. "I've got to see you."

There was no answer. I tried the knob.

The door was unlocked.

Lozier lay on his back on the bed. One leg was drawn up a little and his bare arm was flung out. The hole was in the right side of his head: the blood ran down past his right ear, and his matted hair, and made a widening stain on the white sheets. His outstretched hand still cupped a lighted cigarette. It had burned down to the very end. I realized, with an odd repugnance, that it must be burning his fingers now.

The gun lay in the center of the floor. They had wrapped it first in the two towels from the washstand, in order to muffle any sound. The explosion had blown a black hole in the cloth, and the charred edges were still smoldering.

* * *

I RETURNED to the Tyee, after I had informed the woman downstairs—whose main concern seemed to be over the bloodstains in her nice clean sheets—and notified the authorities, and I seated myself dejectedly at the worktable in my cabin. The whole sordid affair depressed me; I wanted to get it out of my mind. Automatically I opened a drawer of the cabinet beside my bunk and took out the mysterious specimen I had salvaged on Seven Devils Island. I unwrapped the protective cotton batting and began to transfer the fragments carefully to the table.

At least, I reflected as I worked, I could be sure now that Lozier did not have the papers. Some one else had them—some one who was still here

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in Uliak, some one who was so anxious that Lozier should not reveal his identity that he had been willing to go to any extreme in order to keep him from talking. Obviously the person who had killed Lozier, the person who knew where the papers were now—I took the fragments in my forceps, one by one, and laid them on the green-topped table—was the same person who had removed the letter from Jimmy's bedside table this morning.

That letter was the key to the whole thing, I was sure. No one knew its contents save the murderer and myself. For some reason—perhaps caution, perhaps mere hunch—I decided for the time being not to mention my interview with Lozier to any one. It seemed useless to worry Eden; and I had a feeling—for all that I trusted Brand—that it might not be wise to tell him everything I knew. There were several matters I wanted to straighten out first.

Why had Brand been so upset this morning, for instance? Had there been any other reason for Maluk's seemingly innocent courtesy call on Jimmy? Where had Wallie been going when I encountered her hurrying out of the hospital, just as I was returning from Severson's? What was the meaning of Lozier's reference to Seven Devils Island?

I bent over the worktable, dragging on the dead coal of my pipe and studying the bewildering array of fragments spread out before me. I picked up a section of wing and turned it over and over again in the light, frowning. If only I could match a couple of these disjointed items together. If only I could form some pattern in my mind.

The largest single piece I had salvaged was a portion of head and neck. The feathers were a ruddy chestnut, similar in color and pattern to the familiar American redhead duck (*Nyroca americana*); but the head was smaller than that of the adult redhead, and in addition there was a distinct blue-black band across the middle of the bill which the redhead lacks. Moreover, the one bit of wing I had rescued displayed no black edge on the wing covert characteristic of the American bird; and the scapulars on the anterior part were less sharply distinguished, the vermiculation fainter and rather coarse. Last, and most confusing of all, the specimen had occurred fully two thousand miles beyond the westernmost known range of the redhead duck.

The solution of the mystery, I felt, was tantalizingly close; but still it eluded me. I gave up at last, late that evening, snapped off the light in disgust, and strolled back toward the hospital. I could not help but reflect, as I walked, how much my own existence had become involved with these sinister events taking place about me. In spite of myself, I realized unpleasantly, I had become an important character in my own story. I was part of the plot.

Wallie was alone at her desk in the reception room, bending over some reports. The light of the gooseneck lamp fell across her. She had yanked off the bandanna which usually bound back her hair, and it was attractively tousled and young, the loose strands forming an aura of reddish gold in the light.

She nodded to me. "Hello, Doc. He's resting." Her manner was brusque and efficient; but the hard downpull at the corners of her mouth, the mordant humor in her eyes, made me hesitate. I have never known any one whose eyes were more honest. They were as candid as her speech. They could not conceal much.

"Is Eden in there?" I asked.

She said briefly over her shoulder, "They're both in there," and led the way down the hall to Jimmy's room.

Jimmy was asleep; his steady breathing was the only sound in the room. The unreal brightness of the Alaska night was a cloak of silver hung in the window. Brand and Eden were silhouetted against it, immobile, breathless. They were leaning toward each other, though they were not quite touching yet; one thin ray of light, like a sword, was still between their lips. An unspoken question seemed to be hanging in the air, and they were waiting, their faces only a millimeter from each other, impelled and yet repelled by the importance of the answer: held apart by that ray of silver light. Then the ray widened suddenly as their heads drew back, and the cloak of silver behind them, like a magician's cape, plunged out of sight as the wall switch flooded the room with hard yellow light.

Jimmy's head stirred on the pillow, and he turned to Wallie and opened his eyes.

"Medicine," Wallie said to him briskly. She did not look at Eden and Brand. She crossed to the bedside stand, and water rattled from the pitcher into a glass.

"I guess I've been asleep," Jimmy apologized. "Hello, Doc Mac." He turned his head, and blinked in surprise at Eden. "What time is it?"

"After nine," Wallie said.

"You must be tired out, darling," he said to Eden. "You better go back and get some rest."

"I'm all right," said Eden.

Wallie held a glass to Jimmy's lips. He gulped, and gasped a little, and pushed it away.

"Now you go on back to sleep again," Wallie said.

"Get Brand to see you home, dear," Jimmy added to Eden. "He'll take care of you."

"Oh, he'll take care of her," Wallie said evenly.

Brand's dark eyes met hers resentfully for a moment; and then, in spite of himself, he grinned sheepishly. "I'll

Ed Nofziger

"All I know is what I eat in the papers!" BY ED NOFZIGER take care of her," he said to Jimmy. "Leave her to me." He rose.

"Good night, dear," Eden said. She withdrew her fingers gently from his hot hand, and walked to the door. Jimmy's devoted eyes followed her until Wallie shut the door. She remained in the room a moment.

We paused in the corridor. "No word yet, I suppose?" I asked Brand.

"Not yet," said Brand. "Of course, there isn't really time. When I get back—"

Eden gasped, "You're going away?"

"Just a quick trip," Brand said casually. "Got to run some supplies over to the museum party. I should be back tomorrow or so."

"But, Brand—" Eden faltered.

"Don't you see?" harshly. "Our only chance is to act as if nothing were wrong. Act natural."

"But—" Her eyes were uneasy.

"Don't you trust me?" asked Brand.

"Of course I do," she said slowly. "Of course I trust you, Brand."

They were leaning toward each other again. The same unspoken question seemed to ask itself in the air, and they moved, listening intently, down the hall and through the door. For a moment their dark silhouettes were one against the silver night.

What will be the outcome of this overpowering fascination between Eden and Brand? Can the mysterious trip that Brand is taking bring the plotters to task? Suspense and surprise and a staggering revelation wait for you in next week's Liberty.

☆ LIBERTY'S BOOK TIP ☆

by Donald Gordon

ISLANDIA, by Austin Tappan Wright.

There's a story behind the writing of this novel as curious as the one it tells. For the late Mr. Wright, a professor of law at the University of California, for years made a hobby of setting down in text and maps the complete, detailed history of the Islandian nation which is the background of the romantic novel just published.

Of course Wells, Dean Swift, and even Edgar Rice Burroughs used imaginary lands for their various purposes. But their creations were fantastic, "right outa this world," as the swing swooners mumble. Islandia might have been real if, say, Australia or the southern tip of the African continent had been peopled for centuries by an offshoot of the Caucasian race devoted to an agrarian civilization, strong enough and lucky enough in geographic barriers to keep out those who might change their ways.

But the time of this story is the twentieth century and the great exploiting nations are determined to end Islandian isolation. The political party in power is receptive, and because John Lang had learned the peculiar language from his Harvard roommate, wires are pulled by his tycoon uncle and he becomes the first United States consul in Islandia, becomes intimately acquainted with its problems, its men and its women.

Why he's a very unsatisfactory consul is the book. You'll enjoy finding out. (Farrar & Rinehart.)

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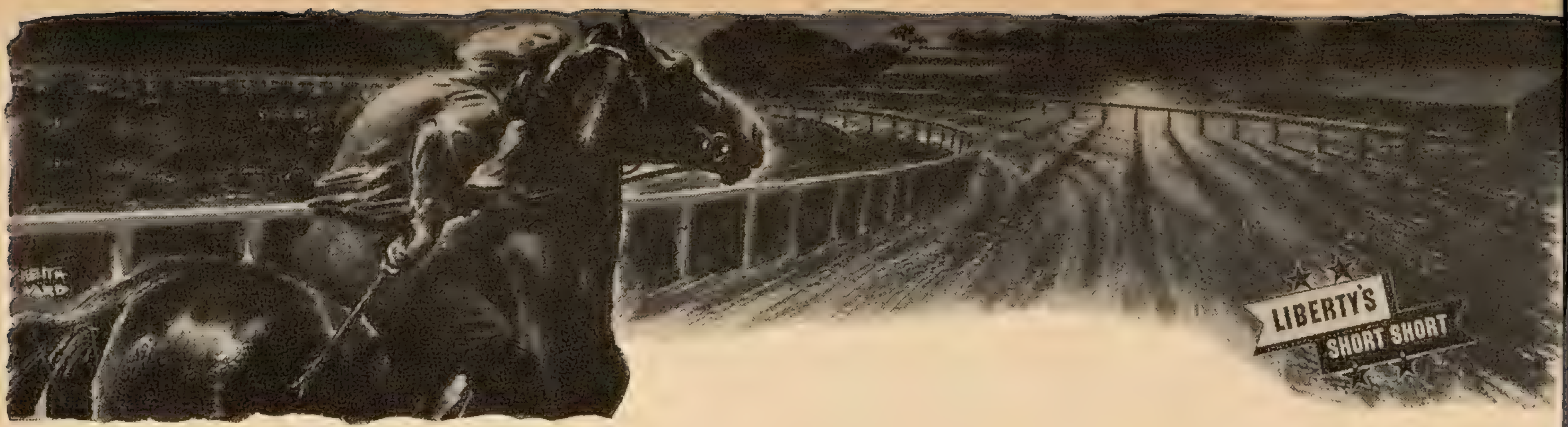

HOMESTRETCH

BY LYLE ROBERTSON

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

☆ DANNY REID lay very still, listening to the bugle. The sound of it had guided him back to consciousness. The same urgent strains, repeated over and over—*Guardsman's Mounting,* the call of the track, bugled summons to sleek mounts to edge into position at the starting gate. He warmed as the tingling notes pumped new strength into his body. He must hoard this strength. He would need it.

The doctor tipped the shade of the hotel room's shabby bridge lamp to throw a cone of light on Danny's face. It was a good face, small, knot-muscled, lined with years and leathered by so many suns that even its present waxy grayness was tinged with copper. "Fifty-two, eh?" The doctor's skepticism was plain to the hotel manager standing on the other side of Danny's bed.

The manager shrugged. "He's been fifty-two years old—and willing to fight about it—ever since he began stopping here. That was six years ago. Your guess is as good as anybody's. How are chances for him?"

It was the doctor's turn to shrug. Danny could have answered the question, but he was saving his strength. They wouldn't understand, anyway. It would be like trying to make them hear the bugle, make them understand it. He knew his handicap and he knew ahead of time the outcome of the next race. It was fixed and he could do nothing about it. So he just lay still, listening to the bugle. Then he opened his eyes.

The hotel manager smiled down at him. "Anything you want, Danny?"

"My boots," said Danny. His voice was soft, with just a trace of a rasp. "I want my boots."

The manager looked briefly into the doctor's eyes, then went to the room's cramped clothes closet and came back with Danny's boots. Small and trim they were, like Danny himself. Worn, too. But polished. Black and gleaming. Jockey boots. One of Danny's unsteady hands reached out, took them, hugged them to his chest.

"Thanks," he said. "That's all." He repeated it. The doctor and the manager left the room. The door closed softly after them.

It was hard, getting up and dressing, but Danny did it. Shaking, he tucked stained blue jeans into his shining boots and pulled an old faded suède jacket over a denim shirt. Then, one hand feeling ahead of him against the wall, he made for the door, wishing that he had silks to go with his boots.

In the stair well he almost fell, but the bugle sustained him. He had heard that bugle, it seemed, as long as he had been able to hear anything. It had called to him as a boy and lured him from home. Countless buglers on countless tracks the country over had filled his ears with it since. It had kindled his blood during the full years when his hard 120 pounds was listed on almost every card. It had stirred him to tears afterward, when nobody remembered him, when he had been willing to do anything, any kind of work, just to keep alive and make the seasonal swing of race meetings. But never had he heard it like this. And he knew why.

"The track." He stumbled as he clambered heavily into the lone taxi.

The driver grinned uncertainly and glanced around to reassure himself that it was nighttime. "There ain't no such thing—this year."

"The track," Danny repeated, and tossed three dollar bills into the front seat. It was the last of his roll. The driver shrugged. The taxi turned into the boulevard and headed east.

The night was one of those Chamber of Commerce nights—misty, moon-bathed, and still. At the track, soft shadows haunted long rows of low stables. Through them Danny shuffled to the stall of Furbelow, the great three-year-old. The horse nickered as he slipped a light bridle over the tossing head, then stood quietly as his hands caressed the satiny muscled arch of neck. There was no other sound. War having prevented the opening of the meeting, the acres of stables were deserted except for a comparatively few mounts and men.

Silently, haltingly, Danny led the big mare outside and with the help of a bucket got a leg up and mounted. The effort brought a roaring into his head that was all mixed up with the bugle. Through it, vaguely, he realized that Furbelow was saddleless and for a moment or two he was again a youngster galloping bareback on a fat-bellied farm horse. Then, leaning heavily for support on Furbelow's withers, he urged her toward the track.

A great glass wall of the clubhouse was a sheet of silver in the moonlight ahead of him as he nudged her into position where the starting gate would be. Behind him the mountains were a moon-splashed backdrop. Just before he spanked the mare into her start he saw the needle of a flashlight bobbing toward him from the direction of the stables. That was good. Furbelow would not be allowed to chill—later.

Then Danny ran his race. Unpaced and unstimulated by competition, Furbelow lazed through it, merely exercising. But to Danny she was fire and quicksilver and hurricane. For Danny felt a crowd in the stands, heard the inarticulate roar of its voice. He rode her smart, did Danny, holding her in past the quarter pole, through the backstretch, into the turn. And as the finish line beckoned ahead his voice rose loud and tear-choked over the singing bugle in his ears, urging her on, sharing his soul with her. She caught his fever and responded, pounding down the stretch in a drumming crescendo. That was how they crossed the line, the big mare fierce and frightening in her speed and Danny crouched low astride her, his heart on fire and tears streaming down his face.

Next day's newspapers covered Danny's race in three sentences:

> Furbelow, odds-on favorite to win the now canceled Santa Bonita Handicap and scheduled to be shipped to an Eastern track later this week, got an unexpected workout late last night when Danny Reid, one-time jockey, spirited her from her stall and took an unexplained gallop around the track. Reid, for many years a track hanger-on, dropped from her back dead of heart failure at the conclusion of the gallop. His meager claim to fame in recent years was his vociferous boast to any one who would listen that he "had one good race left in him."

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1942; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

Barbara Stanwyck, Joel McCrea, Brian Donlevy in The Great Man's Lady.

PICTURES YOU OUGHT TO SEE

BY HOWARD BARNES

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

★ ★ ★ THE GREAT MAN'S LADY (for the stars and staging)

Tricky staging and fine acting should have made this picture better than it is. William A. Wellman, who has a long string of successes to his credit, has directed the show with all sorts of exciting effects. Barbara Stanwyck and Joel McCrea play it with considerable authority. Since the production makes the most of an episodic Midwestern epic, it rarely fails to hold one's interest. But it's still episodic and somewhat disappointing from a straight dramatic standpoint.

For this attempt to glorify the part that women played in the building of our inland empire has a way of losing track of its main theme. It shows an Indian scout sweeping a Philadelphia belle off her feet and taking her off to a Midwest settlement a century ago. It recounts the manner in which she saves him from a gambler and sets him firmly on the road to fame and fortune when she finds that he has discovered silver in Virginia City. Then it separates the principals.

Now, this is a bit baffling in any show. More than half of the film is taken up with a random account of the great man making good and the great man's lady keeping out of the picture for his sake. That sort of thing may very well have happened any number of times, but it doesn't constitute the most engrossing sort of drama. Since the whole production is filmed in a series of flashbacks, it is hard to build up the sustained sympathy that would have made this an outstanding film rather than a superior job of staging and performing.

Take it from me, though, The Great Man's Lady is worth watching. When the really good craftsmen of Hollywood work on a film, you are almost certain to be rewarded in terms of make-believe. My hunch is that Wellman saw Citizen Kane and was impressed. Anyway, he's used a lot of the devices which Orson Welles employed so effectively. He has rarely failed to make this expansive biography as entertaining as it is experimental; as engrossing as it is episodic.

The acting, as well as the staging, could have stood a better plot. Barbara Stanwyck takes on a big assignment as the pioneer's Eastern wife and handles it splendidly. Joel McCrea as the great man is excellent, although he disappears from long stretches of the action. As a matter of fact Brian Donlevy, as the understanding gambler who loves the heroine from a distance and befriends her when she has been deserted by the great man, has a more sympathetic and convincing part. There's an emotional wallop in more than one sequence of the

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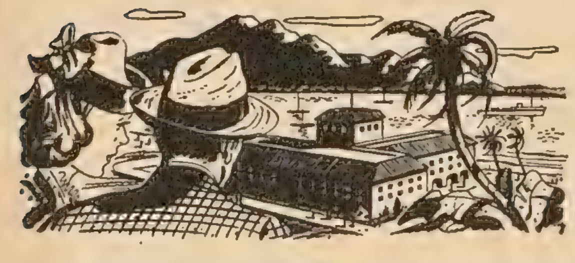

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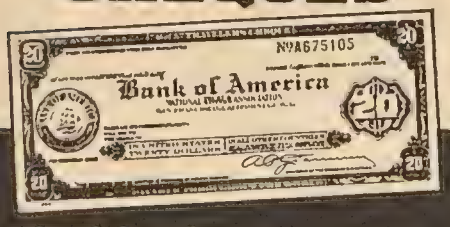

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production. One only wishes that the script had pulled these big moments together more tightly.

(Paramount.)

★ ★ ★ RINGS ON HER FINGERS (for Tierney's turning actress)

Like The Great Man's Lady, this cops-and-robbers comedy has better stars than story. Especially since it finds that highly publicized young actress, Gene Tierney, really deserving her publicity for once. After her performance in The Shanghai Gesture I had about decided that she would never learn anything about screen acting. Wearing a sarong and grunting, as she did in Son of Fury, seemed to be the limit of her talents.

At long last she really goes to town in a part. As a department-store salesgirl who joins up with a couple of sharpers, but has a change of heart after robbing a nice young fellow, she is persuasive as well as pretty. If she continues to get good roles and handles them as well as she does this one, she is likely to justify her stardom. Henry Fonda gives her stanch support as the hero, and Laird Cregar and Spring Byington are excellent in lesser roles.

It's a pity this good cast didn't get a more substantial yarn. As it is, Rings on Her Fingers is rather a rehash of all the old con-game pictures. A flashy pair of crooks persuades the heroine to act as bait for their raids on the pocketbooks o rich and susceptible young men. They sell one of them a boat which they don't own and have another on the point of marrying the shopgirl. You guessed it. The gal falls for the first victim and sees that he gets his hard-earned cash back and herself in the bargain.

The really amusing sections of the film occur when the hero thinks he has evolved a roulette system, although the croupiers have been instructed to let him win back his bank roll. Fonda is fine in these sequences Miss Tierney is comically convincing as she arranges the deception.

If you haven't seen Laird Cregar take a good look at him here. His portrayal of the gold-brick salesman is a tower of strength in a rather weak comic melodrama. But the big news of Rings on Her Fingers is that Gene Tierney actually acts.

(Twentieth Century-Fox.)

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST THREE MONTHS

★★★★—Reap the Wild Wind, The Gold Rush To Be or Not to Be, Mister V, Woman of the Year.

★★★½—Joan of Paris.

★★★—Kipling's Jungle Book, The Tuttles of Tahiti, To the Shores of Tripoli, Rio Rita, The Male Animal, I Married an Angel, The Invaders The Fleet's In, The Courtship of Andy Hardy Song of the Islands, Roxie Hart, Ride 'Em Cowboy, Captains of the Clouds, Joe Smith, American Son of Fury, Dangerously They Live, The Bugle Sounds, The Vanishing Virginian, Johnny Eager Mr. Bug Goes to Town.

HOLD THAT TIGER!

Continued from Page 21

ze nose. She yell and try to get ze death clamp on me. I know once she get zat, I am—pouf!—gone. So I yell for Banquo, a Great Dane I use in ze act to pull a cart fill with lions. Banquo, he give a beeg jomp, land on ze lioness, and zey fight. Zen ze hose she come—and it is all over. But I 'ave been scratch where I sit down. Blood poisoning set in and I do not sit down again for two year. I stay in hospital and almost die."

However, after a fling at hotel management in Nice, our modern Daniel was back at the old stand. He limped a little, and had almost gone blind. He wasn't proud of his scars; never has been. "Scars," he explains, "are a badge of shame. Zey mean ze trainer does not know his business!"

In 1938 the Ringling Brothers, now taken over by their grandsons, the Brothers North, caught Court's act in Europe and reimported him to America. Today he is undoubtedly No. 1 Perfectionist Trainer of the World.

The first thing he does is to make regular calls on his new rookies. (He likes jungle-born animals.) He talks to them, slipping them an odd bit of meat and generally getting acquainted. When he feels it's time to ripen this friendship, he enters the cage, armed with a whip and a wooden stick, with an old clawed chair for a fender and a few hunks of meat tastefully draped around him in case the lion gets hungry. He carries no gun; doesn't even own one. When he's in the cage, the furry deathball makes its entrance. Nearly always it springs at his throat. "It ees moch like ze boxing match," he says. "Zey 'ave zeir teeth and claws, I 'ave my wheep and steeck. Ze best man always win."

Meeting this attack head on—to retreat would be fatal—he neatly sidesteps, the while giving the cat a poke in the kisser with the stick. The animal soon gets the idea and lies down to think it over. Most animals catch on after a round or two, but many must be collared and chained and worked patiently for months. Black panthers take four years to train. Not all animals attack. Some sniff up to Mr. Court, munch the meat he has around him, decide he's an all-right guy, and retire to their stools, ready to work.

During this period Court keeps an eye open for special talents. Should a tigress leap twenty feet in the air, trying to get out of the cage—as Princesse, his star performer today, did—she will eventually become a high jumper. One that broad-jumps thirty feet toward his throat is earmarked for leaping from platform to platform. The lazy lion that doesn't like to get up will learn to roll over and over, like Fido.

After he teaches the animals not to eat each other, Court trots out his scenario. When plays and teamwork are perfected, he begins to weave into the routine the new trainer who will eventually take over the act. A miscue, or the trainer out of position by a fraction of a foot, may result in the animal refusing to do his stunt. This in turn may precipitate a cage blitz and—zingo!—a year's work and about $12,000 worth of animals and training (that's the way Court figures it) will go up in clouds of fur and geysers of blood. Once the act is broken in and is running smoothly, by instinct, Court says even I could run the team, using only a cane! I doubt if I'll take him up.

Last spring, Indo, a nice Bengal tiger, killed Doutchka, a beautiful snow leopard worth $5,000, during a Madison Square Garden dress rehearsal. A new beast had to be broken in immediately, and a new entrant always rouses the suppressed hunting instinct in the cage. Yet Court patched up this dreadful loss in the shake of a puma's tail. Once he got a cable from Blackpool, England, to come quick before the act ate up its trainer and itself. He Clippered abroad, found a lion and a bear were feuding, smuggled the lion out in a big theatrical trunk, patched up the act in twenty-four hours. Nobody noticed that only nine instead of ten lions were working. As for the lion, hotel employees almost had seizures, for Court kept it in his room till he could get a zoo to accept it.

Yes, Mr. Court can put his head in the lion's mouth. It's simple. All you have to do is to find a nice lion that likes you. Then you get it to let you touch it. After a while, if you pinch its lips it'll open its mouth. Next you insert your head into this orifice. From then on, you can put your head in any time, venturing deeper and deeper—but being sure to listen for a low rumble, which means the lion either needs bicarbonate or is about to lunch on you. Then the problem is to get out as quickly as possible, being sure not to leave any ears behind.

Court makes his home and headquarters in a pleasant little trailer on the big Ringling winter quarters lot at Sarasota, Florida. His wife is forever outside the cage when he works—which is about eighteen hours a day—kibitzing. Every once in a while she calls in some word of caution. She has learned to catch the gleam of Jap treachery rising in the eye of any tiger that is scheming to outflank her husband. Possibly she has saved his life thus a hundred dozen times. But she made him give up putting his head in lions' mouths a year or so ago. Too unhealthy, she felt. Some lions, it seems, have halitosis.

Court isn't insured — companies don't consider him a good risk. He has only one fear. (Lion tamers insist courage is a drug on the market.) We were sitting in a leaky tent in Sarasota last winter. Inside the cage one of his trainers, named Schultz, was quarterbacking a team of lions, tigers, and bears. There was a sudden rush of wind from the storm outside. "Come, let us move," Court said unhappily. "I am afraid of drafts. Zey make pneumonia."

Very religious and trained by Jesuits, he believes that God has had a lot to do with his simple faith in animals and himself as a trainer. But somehow he can never get used to the other fellow doing his act. "I always feel safer when I do it myself," he says. Watching his men work the animals, he dies at any display of brutality or impatience, is sensitive to the tiniest imperfections in their work. His men, however, swear by him and not at him. Incidentally, they all talk French to their fur babies. Court himself speaks five languages.

At Madison Square Garden this year he's master-minding the big act in the center cage—and keeping his eyes on two other acts that flank him in the adjoining rings. Each of the two is a mixed squad—one squad being run by Schultz and the other by Damoo Dothre, a Calcutta Hindu. The act Court is running almost went haywire when I was in Sarasota. A puma made a sudden leap, landed on a lion—and there was a fight in the cage so awful I still shudder at the thought of it.

But that's the way it is with Alfred Court—never a dull moment. He loves animals. He is so proud of his work that he once did an act showing just how he built up an act. People came every day for months to watch the progress. His ambition before he retires—if he ever does—is to revive this idea.

THE END

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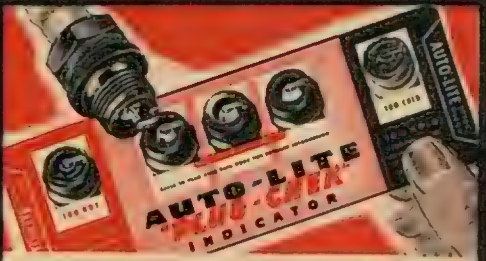

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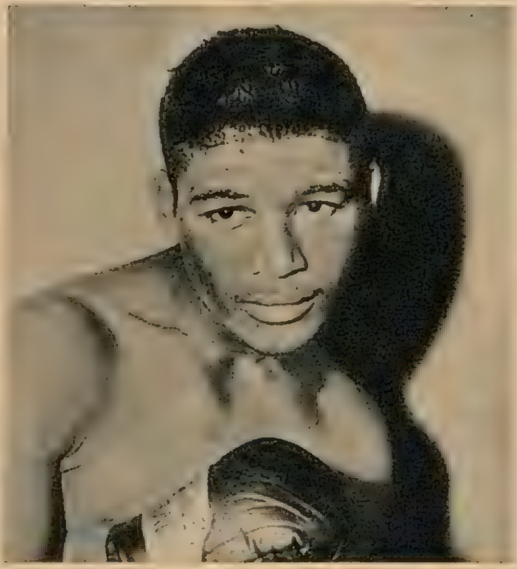
THE DANCING KILLER

BY JACK DEMPSEY

"Sugar" Ray slips inside a left and lands a hard right on Fritzie Zivic.



RAY ROBINSON

—he's a glutton for ice cream, hot dogs, and pop—with emphasis on *pop!*

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 56 SECONDS

☆ "YOU'RE looking at a future champion of the world," Eddie Ross, veteran trainer, was saying as we watched a colored lad named Ray Robinson flickering like a shadow before Tony Acona of Detroit in the ring at Madison Square Garden a couple of years ago. It was the final bout in the 135-pound class for the East vs. West Golden Gloves title. But even as Acona was striving vainly to tag his tantalizing target I was groping in my memory, trying to recall where and under what circumstances I had seen this fellow Robinson before.

Suddenly the gangling Negro blasted the white boy alongside the chin with a lashing left hook, and as Acona crashed to the canvas enlightenment flashed into my memory. . . .

On a chilly fall twilight some six years before, hustling along Broadway, I was pocketed by a crowd watching a lean, rubbery-legged colored kid executing a tap dance in which, it seemed, every fiber of him took part. He looked for all the world like one of those frilly paper dolls the subway fakers jostle on invisible threads to attract gullible customers, yet his swift moving feet were describing the most intricate steps and at the same time beating out a perfectly timed rhythm.

As we tossed a few coins in appreciation, several youths who had been loitering in the crowd dove forward to snatch them up, and immediately a free-for-all started. The dancer went into swift action. He lashed out with a snaky left that banged against the biggest intruder's eye, and followed over with a perfect right that stretched the interloper flat on the pavement. Without an instant's hesitation, our jigger turned to the next invader and smashed him on the nose with a stinging left. His arms were going like pistons and he was creating quite a havoc among the attackers when from down the block came a treble cry of "Chikee!" Scooping up the coins, our erstwhile dancer darted like a frightened goldfish, disappearing into the stream of traffic. When the cop arrived he found only the melting crowd.

I had been impressed with the speedy precision, the feinting hands and marvelous footwork of the kid, and also by his elusiveness in penetrating the crowd. I remember thinking idly that he'd make a great boxer if he'd put himself to it.

And now he *had* put himself to it, for—there could be no doubt of it—the skinny colored boy who had just scored a title-winning knockout in the Garden ring was the same sidewalk jigger I'd seen six years before!

"Yes," Curt Horrmann, scion of a wealthy Staten Island brewing family, who manages Robinson, explained later in the dressing room. "From the time he was a kid, Ray wanted to be a great tap dancer. He was born on May 3, 1920, in Detroit, where his father worked in an automobile plant. He was christened Walker Smith, and spent his early childhood hanging around the Brewster Center Gymnasium, doing errands, etc., and watching such fighters as Joe Louis, an amateur then, do their training. When he was going on twelve, his parents separated and his mother brought him and his two sisters to New York, where they settled in Harlem.

"There's a 'wishing tree' there and Bill Robinson, the famous tap dancer, made a habit of stopping at this tree every day, kissing his fingertips and touching the tree with them. Harlem kids would gather there and wait for the popular Bojangles, who, after performing his daily rite, would play a sort of follow-your-leader dancing game with them. Bill would do a few steps, and the kids would follow in turn, imitating them. He'd give them a different set of steps every day, and the one who missed had to go to the foot of the class, which in this case meant the end of the line. Walker Smith joined this class, and he proved to be such a fine natural tapper and so apt a pupil that Bill taught him a lot.

☆

"FINALLY Walker organized a troupe of the colored boys, who ranged from Times Square to Columbus Circle, dancing on the sidewalk for nickels and dimes or even pennies. The kids took in anywhere from five to ten dollars a night, the big dough coming in the holiday seasons.

"In those days the boy had to fight for his rights. Other bands of kids were doing the same thing, and he often had to battle for a location and the money tossed to him and his companions by amused spectators. He was uniformly successful. It happened that George Gainsford, coach of the Salem-Crescent Club in Harlem, a cradle of colored boxers, saw this kid in action in a couple of street fights, and his practiced eye showed him the boy had the natural ability of a boxer. He talked to the youngster, but the kid didn't appear much impressed. He wanted to be a great dancer like Bill Robinson. Finally Gainsford got him a gym outfit for boxing, and young Smith promptly turned this into cash and didn't show up at the gym.

"But Gainsford wasn't discouraged. He got the boy again, and made him train in his underwear. Gradually the coach weaned him away from the sidewalk shows for the more lucrative bootleg or unsanctioned amateur boxing shows.

"His friend Bill Robinson also advised Ray to go into boxing, as there was more money in it for a real champion. There was only one slight hitch, however; Walker Smith didn't have a registration card. But one day another boxer named Ray Robinson got licked, became discouraged, and decided to quit the game. He turned his card over to Smith, who thereupon and thenceforward became 'Ray Robinson.' Then began one of the most remarkable winning streaks in fisticuffs; for Ray Robinson slashed through tournament after tournament, winning in the bootleg shows, regular amateur and Golden Gloves tourneys, winding up with this lightweight championship victory over Tony Acona, which will be his last among the amateurs."

Shortly after that, Robinson, who had come to be known as "Sugar" Robinson on the amateur circuit, proved himself a sweet fighter by knocking out tough Joe Echeverria in his professional debut in two rounds. That was on October 4, 1940, and since then Ray has battered twenty-nine victims to defeat, knocking out twenty-three of them. So ferocious is his attack that nine of his victims were flattened in the first round.

☆

ROBINSON is a veritable killer, and he can take it and come back to win. He proved this in one of his early fights in Madison Square Garden, when, fighting Oliver White on December 12, 1940, both landed terrific haymakers simultaneously in the third round and both hit the canvas. Robinson staggered to his feet, and when White arose, Ray went after him furiously and stiffened him with the very next wallop.

That was one of Ray's faults—fighting *too fast.* Sounds paradoxical, I know, for most fighters get better by speeding up; Ray got better by slowing down. His footwork used to be so rapid he didn't really get "set" for a pile-driving wallop. That was a result of his many amateur battles; for in them you fight only three rounds and have to go at top speed all the time to keep ahead of the other fellow, who is doing the same. Robinson has learned that in the money ranks fights are longer and there is more chance to maneuver your opponent into position for a telling clout.

Today Robinson is considered the uncrowned welterweight champion of the world, though at present writing that title actually is held by Freddie Cochrane of New Jersey, now in the United States navy. It is almost universally conceded in fight circles that Ray will beat Cochrane if, as, and when they meet, although Cochrane and his manager dissent violently in this opinion. "Sugar" Ray already has beaten Sammy Angott, lightweight champion, in a non-title bout, and has beaten and knocked out Fritzie Zivic, former welterweight champion.

"He hits like a jackass," enthuses my friend Archie Owen. Mr. Owen doesn't mean anything personal by his remark. He is a laconic person who has seen fighters come and go since the halcyon days of Joe Gans, and he means to say that Robinson hits as hard as a mule is reputed to kick. Archie, who is on Mr. Horrmann's advisory board of managerial strategy, also is authority for the statement that Robinson is one latter-day prizefighter who believes and revels in road work.

"He runs eight miles a day on the road every day when he's training for a fight—and I mean *runs,*" says Owen. "Fighters nowadays don't do enough road work, but this boy *likes* it. One day when it was ten degrees below zero at Greenwood Lake, where he was training, Robinson daubed his face with cold cream to keep from getting frozen and went out to do his regular road work. His trainers insisted on turning back when the cold cream froze on Ray's face, but he kept doggedly on and finished his eight-mile stint."

Archie professes to see a marked resemblance to the great Joe Gans in Robinson. Like Gans, "Sugar" is a clever boxer and a hard hitter, and he lets no grass grow under his feet once he nails an opponent. Ray is probably the tallest welterweight boxer the ring has ever known. Just under six feet in height, he weighs today around 145 pounds and has a reach of nearly seventy-two inches. He measures only twenty-eight inches around the waist and has comparatively thin arms.

While Ray is a furious killer in the ring, he is a pleasant, fun-loving fellow out of it. He is a natty, yes, even a "snappy" dresser, and would be called the acme of jitterbug type if you saw him cutting a rug at a jive session, which he frequently does.

☆

HIS taste in food is the despair of his trainers. Ray wouldn't give two pins for the finest steak, but he is a glutton for hot dogs, ice cream, and soda pop. There's a psychology about this which was pointed out to me by my old chef, Gus Halletz, who is probably one of the best in the world. He has made a lifelong study of the subject.

"People get the food habit when they're very young," Gus once said, "and in after years they never get over the tastes of their early youth. That's why men of great wealth, or those who've lived in foreign countries, always want native dishes, the kind they had when they were kids."

Those hot dogs, ice cream, and soda pop were nectar to the Robinson kid in his early days, and now he seeks to satisfy the suppressed desire of his childhood.

The way things are going now, though, "Sugar" Ray can indulge himself to his heart's content in these things. Already he has invested in a $100,000 annuity.

Perhaps, the way things are, Ray Robinson may or may not get a fight with Red Cochrane for the welterweight title. But that won't make any difference. Ray can go on being one of those uncrowned champions, which sometimes is more lucrative than having the title. Witness Mike Gibbons, Packey McFarland, Young Corbett, Sam Langford, to name a few. But if he *does* meet Cochrane, my guess is that he'll remain what he is at this writing—unbeaten!

THE END

THEY TAKE TH

Ralph Edwards puts a victim through her consequences—and she seems to like it!

BY RALPH EDWARDS

Conductor of NBC's radio program Truth or Consequences, broadcast every Saturday night at 8.30 E.W.T., coast-to-coast.

A look behind the scenes at a riotous radio game

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

☆ I SAID to the lady from Hartford:

"Take off your shoes. Hold your left ear with your right hand. Stick out your tongue. Look popeyed. Hold this geranium in your other hand. Balance a flowerpot on your head."

Then the photographer stepped out and popped his flash bulb.

"Now, madam," I told her, "your picture will appear on the front page of your home-town paper tomorrow."

She let out a scream.

"Oh," she gasped, "it isn't going to be printed!"

It was. And the lady from Hartford enjoyed the joke as much as any one.

Don't tell me American people haven't got a sense of humor. They can enjoy a joke even when it's on themselves—and that's the real test.

I've learned a lot about people since I've been conducting my radio program Truth or Consequences.

In all those weeks we've put more than a thousand people through the paces. We've tried them pretty high sometimes. We've plastered them with custard pies, dunked them in tanks of water, decked them out in idiotic costumes, made them whistle or sing while chewing a cracker—everything our wacky minds could contrive to make them do seemingly impossible things.

And no one yet has ever refused a consequence.

Many of them have not only risen to the occasion; they have topped the stunt with spontaneous gags of their own.

Like the high-school girl from the Bronx who suddenly found herself talking to Tyrone Power on long-distance from the stage in front of several hundred people.

As soon as she got her breath she quipped, "Gee, what's Annabella got that I haven't got?"

Or the man who had to pretend he was a seal. Then we had a real seal wander out onto the stage while the man had to sing Let Me Call You Sweetheart, and the seal barked an accompaniment.

When he got all through, our man observed: "Well, I've had some dates I've liked less."

One of them even turned the tables on me. We dressed him up in an 1890 swimming suit and made him walk the plank over a big tank of water.

Just as he reached the end he made a grab for me and pulled me in with him, all dressed up in a tuxedo. All I could think of to say as I reached for a dry microphone was:

"This is certainly a heck of a way to make a living."

As you may have gathered, there's nothing very subtle or sophisticated about our type of humor. It's the down-to-earth humor of the hinterlands. It's a homey type of entertainment that grew right out of America's front parlor along with the game from which it took its name.

Of course we've changed the formula quite a lot since I learned it as a kid on a farm in Merino, Colorado. As you remember, the point of the old parlor game was to get a chance to kiss your girl. The point of our game is to put people in ridiculous situations and see how they'll react, all for the purpose of getting laughs.

And people love it. I suppose you might say it's the ham in them, just

ONSEQUENCES!

as it's the ham in me that makes me choose this way of earning my living.

People often ask me whether I'm not afraid of running out of ideas. All I can say is that it hasn't happened yet.

The simplest and yet the surest consequence for getting laughs, the one we relied on heavily in the beginning and still use frequently, consists of having the contestant go through some simple, ordinary routine, like singing a song or reciting a poem, while we contrive in every way to make him sound as ridiculous as possible and put all conceivable obstacles in his way.

We have asked contestants to chew a cracker and whistle at the same time; to eat an apple on a string while reciting an epic poem; or to go through the motions of driving an imaginary dog team, shouting "Mush! Mush!" while the contestant is fed a spoonful of mush at every cry; or getting two boys to sing Down by the Old Mill Stream while feeding each other blackberry pie blindfolded.

One time we asked a woman to step to the microphone and sing Oh, Tell Me, Pretty Maiden, Are There Any More at Home Like You? while reviewing a bathing parade without giggling or laughing.

Then four men from the audience passed across the stage wearing historic bathing suits. The last one was the woman's husband, carrying a sign, "Miss Lettuce Leaf of 1840."

We then revealed that the newsreel cameras had been grinding away all this time, and I announced that pictures of the event would be shown in all the Embassy newsreel theaters.

Sometimes the consequences are in the nature of ideas, calling for great ingenuity on the part of the contestant, like the feminine contestant who was asked to portray the role of Juliet in the balcony scene, interspersing her romantic lines with plugs for her father's tailor shop.

Frequently our consequences involve the use of visual props on the stage. A favorite is the use of the big swimming tank to which I've already referred.

Sometimes a celebrity takes the place of the usual prop in providing the incongruity.

Like the woman whom we blindfolded and asked to give a lecture on The Right Way to Dance, illustrating her talk with an unknown partner. She provided the most appropriate remarks: "You're so clumsy! Why don't you keep off my feet?" etc. And when the blindfold was removed, she was introduced to her partner—Arthur Murray, the best known dancing instructor in America.

Animal acts are always sure-fire, but they are usually more trouble than they are worth. Once, in St. Louis, we had a man (as his consequence) wash an elephant while singing I Dream of Jeannie with the Light Brown Hair. The act went off all right. But in order to get the elephant we had had to engage the entire troupe that went with him: a camel, a mule, and two Great Danes, and pay all their transportation from New York to St. Louis and return.

Another time, in Minneapolis, we decided to have a woman on the stage from which we were broadcasting describe how to milk a cow with her hands tied behind her back.

It would have been all right if we'd stopped there. But we decided we had to have a cow on stage too. The cow got restless and the stunt ended up in an impromptu rodeo.

For variety, we sometimes take the victim to some point outside the studio, switching over the microphones when we're ready to pick him up at the height of his predicament.

One of the most successful of these stunts was the time we set a forfeiter up on a soapbox at Columbus Circle, at a corner of Central Park in New York where impromptu orators hold forth, and instructed him to make a speech on Why America Should Have a Be-Kind-to-Flies Week.

Our contestant proved to be unexpectedly eloquent. Then the hecklers stepped in and punched up the program for us with their own unrehearsed comments: "You don't hear the flies complainin', do you?" "So what's the matter? They're not kicking!"

☆ ANOTHER time we told a contestant we were taking him aboard the Albany night boat. We blindfolded him, put him in a cab, and told him he was boarding the boat. We gave him the routine, sound of water splashing, boat whistles, etc. We even gave him some pop and a sandwich.

Then we took the blindfold off and there he was, all alone on the stage of the musical show Hellzapoppin in front of the whole audience. Then I asked him brightly how he felt.

His answer was so completely natural and spontaneous that this impromptu actor provoked a spontaneous roar from the great audience on his first appearance.

"I feel," he said, "like a damn fool."

You can't tell me Americans aren't good sports. I lay awake nights thinking up new embarrassing predicaments to put them in. But they're always equal to the situation. They've never let me down yet. And they always oblige on the spur of the moment with funnier lines than any gag writers could write for them.

Which is a relief to me. I've got enough to do thinking up the situations.

THE END

TO THE LADIES

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

READING TIME ● 3 MINUTES 57 SECONDS

☆ A SPONGE bag buried in a garden on the coast of Yugoslavia held the fate of two American women—one of them Ruth Mitchell, sister of Billy Mitchell, late United States Army general who sacrificed career for his faith in future air power. Ruth Mitchell risked her life to help the *Chetnik* Yugoslav revolt against the Axis. Nazi invaders were already marching into Dubrovnik when she slid her telltale camera and *Chetnik* passport through the garden gate to Laura McCullaugh, a travel-wise widow from La Crosse, Wisconsin.

Mrs. McCullaugh hid camera and passport in her sponge bag; then quickly buried it. Both women would have faced a firing squad had the bag been found. It wasn't, but the Nazis arrested Ruth Mitchell anyway.

Last American to see her before they took her to a concentration camp in Germany, Laura McCullaugh says: "She was a poet, a translator of Balkan folklore, a woman of infinitely generous heart, though she had her brother's fighting blood. She braved every danger and hardship willingly for the cause she had adopted. She wore a *Chetnik* uniform until the very eve of her arrest."

I met Mrs. McCullaugh soon after her own hazardous return to this country through Italy, Spain, Portugal. She gave me grim facts about the *Ustachi* terror, the native Balkan Fascists, and she told splendid stories of cool courage among British diplomatic representatives trapped by the Axis hordes. One fastidious Oxford man nagged peevishly because there was no more mayonnaise. Then a bomb killed a Polish baroness in the street, and he dodged all the next day from shell hole to shell hole under machine-gun blasts from Nazi planes, taking her coffin by short rushes to a cemetery.

"In times of trouble far from home," says Mrs. McCullaugh, "the English are comforting people for a girl to be with."

WIDE WORLD PHOTO

☆ PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S intimation that many of us ought to study a map of the world because maybe we don't know much geography, proved true in a New York beauty parlor where Laura McCullaugh had her hair done the other day. She told the hairdresser she had been obliged to leave her Scottie dog behind in Yugoslavia but felt sure it would be well cared for and would get enough to eat. In the next cubicle a lady overheard.

Reporting Mrs. McCullaugh's talk to a friend, the lady said, "My dear, isn't it awful! She had to leave her dog in Czecho-Slovakia, and she's sure it's been eaten!" . . . Geography isn't the only field for misintelligence.

☆ FRANK CLUNE'S new book, Isles of Spice, takes us behind the scenes of war in the Dutch East Indies. Vivid reading. Maps and pictures. (Published by E. P. Dutton & Co.)

☆ A NICE old custom in Yugoslavia is that of driving *one* silver nail into woodwork over the doorway of a new home, to bring luck. Yugoslav word for luck is *srepan,* and that's what the silver nails are called. An American jeweler who specializes in wedding rings now makes them here. They cost $1 apiece.

☆ LOOK what sentimental determination can do! . . . A young business couple, Helen Panyka and Joseph Cranna, hadn't leisure enough for a church wedding, yet their hearts were set on being married to the famous melody of Here Comes the Bride. They phoned the advertising department of a big oil company that sponsors operatic music over the radio, then synchronized their wedding hour to correspond with the next program presentation of Lohengrin. At City Hall they marched into the marriage bureau carrying a portable radio from which the grand tune boomed. Metropolitan star, Lauritz Melchior, heard about this and it tickled him. A week later Helen and Joe were his guests at the opera. He sang Lohengrin.

☆ *THREE appetizing canapés for springtime cocktail parties:* (1) Mix 1 small package cream cheese with 1 tablespoon tomato ketchup; spread on squares dark pumpernickel; top with thin slice canned pear or pineapple well drained and rolled in chopped parsley and chopped fresh mint. . . . (2) Sauté equal quantities sliced green peppers and mushrooms in butter; chop fine; season with salt, pepper, a little lemon juice; spread on fingers toasted white bread. . . . (3) Combine 1 mashed avocado with ½ cup finely chopped shrimps, 1 teaspoon grated cucumber well drained, and 1 teaspoon mayonnaise; pile on rounds of graham bread.

THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

☆ HOW would you like to have a few lines from a soldier in Greenland? We came here back in June of '41, and worked eighteen hours at a time in rain, mud, and snow. We lived on a ship for the first forty days, until we erected winterized tents, which didn't last very long. One morning we awoke to find tents, beds, clothes, and equipment blowing all over the place . . . just a Greenland gale with 120-mile-an-hour gusts. We get our water by the pail, then heat it on the barracks stoves.

No civilization within sixty miles, and you have to climb over mountains to get there (by the way, it's off limits). In fact, we have mountains all around us, except for the fjord in front, which now has twenty-two inches of ice. So our recreation consists of a movie, a couple of pool tables, and the radio—which makes more noise than a thundershower. We wait patiently for the mail, which comes once a month, with luck.

This may give you just an idea of what we have up here. If you don't believe me, then come on up to Greenland and see for yourself.

Corp. A. E. A., Greenland.

No, thank you, corporal; I'll take your word for it. *B-r-r-r!* I wonder how many men in the States who complain about conditions in their camps would care to exchange assignments with you. Now we've added Greenland to our list of A. P. O.s. Ireland and Australia are still to be heard from.

When a convoy of military vehicles is on the road it is traveling under orders and must reach its destination on schedule—or else. But that can't be done with civilian cars cutting in and out of the convoy line and causing the military vehicles to slow down to avoid hitting them. I am sure that most civilian drivers would be glad to co-operate if they understood our problems and the importance of keeping to our timetable. Will you print this and ask the civilians' help?

Corp. K. D. B., Camp Elliott, Calif.

That's a serious problem, to be solved only by the full co-operation of civilian drivers. I've already seen one fatal accident and several minor ones caused by the great American habit of impatience on the road. Possibly the national reduction of speed limits and the necessity of saving tires will help the cause of "safety first," but "let the convoys go through" should be the first rule of every driver in wartime.

To the parents of selectees stationed in Alaska: This snapshot of two boys from Little Rock, Arkansas, shows them none the worse for the hardships of Alaska. It was taken half an hour before they enjoyed fried chicken and all the trimmings with my husband and me. We have met and entertained a number of the men, and a finer bunch couldn't be found anywhere.

Mrs. L. E. H., Fairbanks, Alaska.

Families of all men on Alaska service will be glad to see the smiles and obvious good health of the lads in the photo. If they're not doing all right, then the camera lies.

Can the civil police prefer charges against a member of the armed forces? I claim that a man can be held by civil authorities not more than twenty-four hours, then he must be turned over to the military. A local police officer says that a soldier can be held indefinitely. Who is right?

G. E. R., Pittsfield, Mass.

Civil authorities can request the surrender for trial of a member of the military forces charged with a civil offense by submitting a copy of the charge or indictment and a summary of the evidence. However, in time of war it is the policy of the War Department not to turn over any person subject to military jurisdiction unless the offense is most serious, such as a felony which would disqualify the offender for military service. The length of time a soldier can be held by civil authorities must depend to some extent upon proximity to a military post or personnel, availability of transportation, etc.

Five months ago I left Arkansas and the very nice girl about whom I was—and am—"that way." A little note in this morning's mail said: "I am pretty fond of Henry but it's uncertain when the bells will ring, so if you care for us to continue this correspondence I will gladly do everything in my power to brighten your corner." I can't possibly get back home, but do you think I should let an exemptee beat my time?

Pvt. A. A., Fort Riley, Kan.

Well, if you can't get home what can you do about it? And is she worth it if you could? Too bad you didn't have one of those "Love Insurance, Ltd." policies which Private Clifford Elliott originated at Camp Callan, California. Premium cost two bits and you collected fifteen bucks if you lost your girl. One Romeo took out three policies, until the underwriters caught on and made the limit one to a customer.

This department of Liberty is for the men of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42 St., New York.

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

SOME OF US HAVE BEEN PUZZLED by the widespread popularity and persistent best-selling quality of Lieutenant Colonel W. F. Kernan's Defense Will Not Win the War, of which we give you a condensation in this issue. Here is a triumph and a literary phenomenon. In 1890 Admiral Mahan's The Influence of Sea Power upon History appeared, and it has been a famous textbook of war ever since—but have *you* read it? It was, and still is, a tome for the libraries of statesmen and high officials; it was never a best seller. Now another professional fighting man writes another scholarly treatise on war—and everybody wants to read it!

LT. COL. KERNAN

The not much publicized explanation seems to be that Lieutenant Colonel Kernan is an unusual—possibly unique—kind of author. He is an officer of the 18th Field Artillery Brigade—a professional soldier in active service in the regular army. But he also has an M. A. degree from Harvard, and was for a time an instructor there in, of all things, medieval philosophy! The sword quickly took him away from the pen; he became an artillery lieutenant in 1917, and from 1919 to 1922 served with the American forces in Germany. But the gift for study and writing stayed with him, and he has turned out a book that not only is important but also ranks as first-rate, exciting reading. It has been endorsed by more government officials, editorial writers, and radio commentators, probably, than any other volume of its time. Liberty's condensation of it begins on page 26.

MEMORANDUM FROM ONE OF OUR editorial assistants (a lady): "I was so amazed and delighted with this document, mailed to me by my Representative in Congress, that I want to call it to your attention. He reports to us as if we were stockholders. I have never heard of a congressman who would (and could) make an entirely frank report to his constituents of his activities and record."

The document was issued last January, but the lady has been cherishing it and brooding over the ways of solons who don't give out with such communications. This one is labeled First Annual Report of the Congressman to the Shareholders of His Office, and includes items like these:

House Attendance
Number of roll calls during the year: 133
Number of roll calls answered by me: 128

Committee Attendance
Immigration and Naturalization: Meetings held: 25
Meetings attended: 22
World War Veterans' Legislation: Meetings held: 12
Meetings attended: 9
War Claims: Meetings held: 3
Meetings attended: 3

You get the idea. The congressman covers many matters—all he can crowd into four printed pages; lists his secretaries in Washington and his home city; invites mail and telephone calls; and concludes: "I have tried to give you as clear and frank an outline of my activities as possible. In the words of the ancient philosopher, 'What is writ, is writ. Would that it were worthier.' " . . . The author of the document is William T. Pheiffer of the Sixteenth Congressional District of New York.

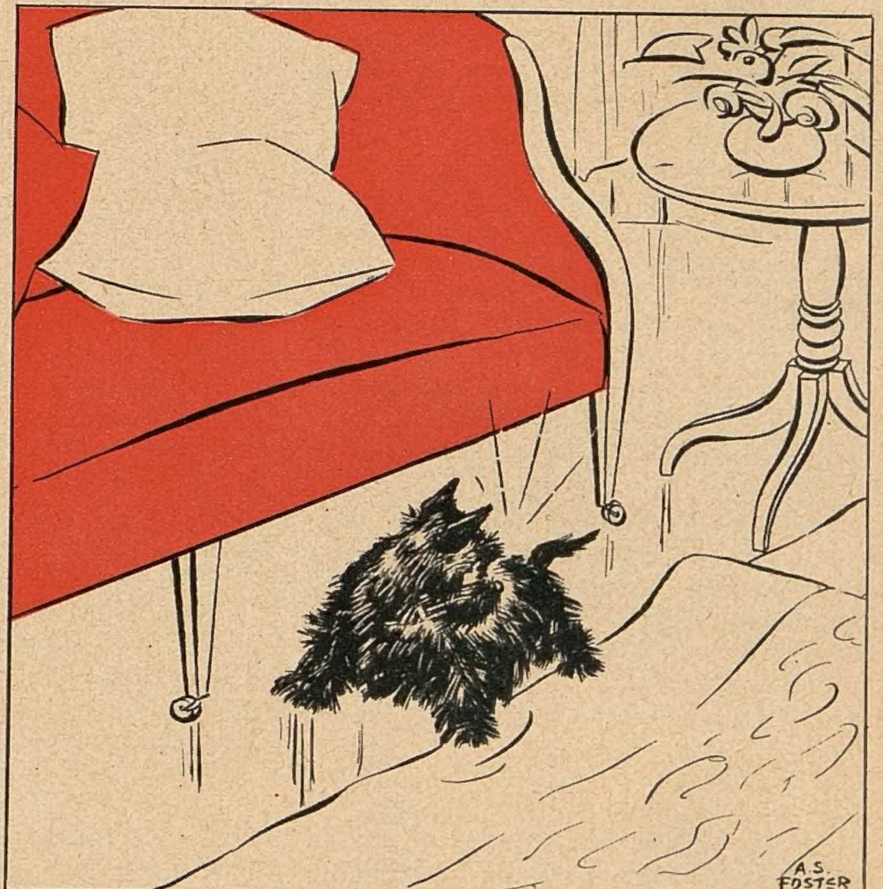
MORRIS MARKEY, WHOM WE ARE PROUD to have as a regular contributor, begins on page 10 of this issue a vivid and notable series about defiant Europe today. Few men are better qualified than he to assemble the facts, many of them hitherto kept hidden, which the articles bring to light. He is an ace reporter of long newspaper experience—graduated from that some years ago to write for magazines. And, if you are a listener to the better things in radio, you know him as the "roving reporter" of the Metropolitan Opera broadcasts, that fine venture which made Saturday afternoons a red-letter time through the winter. Good man, Markey!

"A MODERN LOVE STORY, freshly put together, witty as well as smart, tender as well as sentimental, clever as well as glib. A streamlined job, in fact, recommended for early-spring blues."—*The New Yorker.*

Sounds like a recipe for a Liberty serial—which, as a matter of fact, it is. The comment is on Elswyth Thane's From This Day Forward, recently in Liberty and now out in book form. . . . Another Liberty serial, Mitchell Wilson's Footsteps Behind Her, is, we're told, being made into a movie by Twentieth Century-Fox. . . . And, speaking of serials, a new top-notch one is coming. We won't tell you what it is, but here's good advice: Don't miss it.

The Editors

FALA

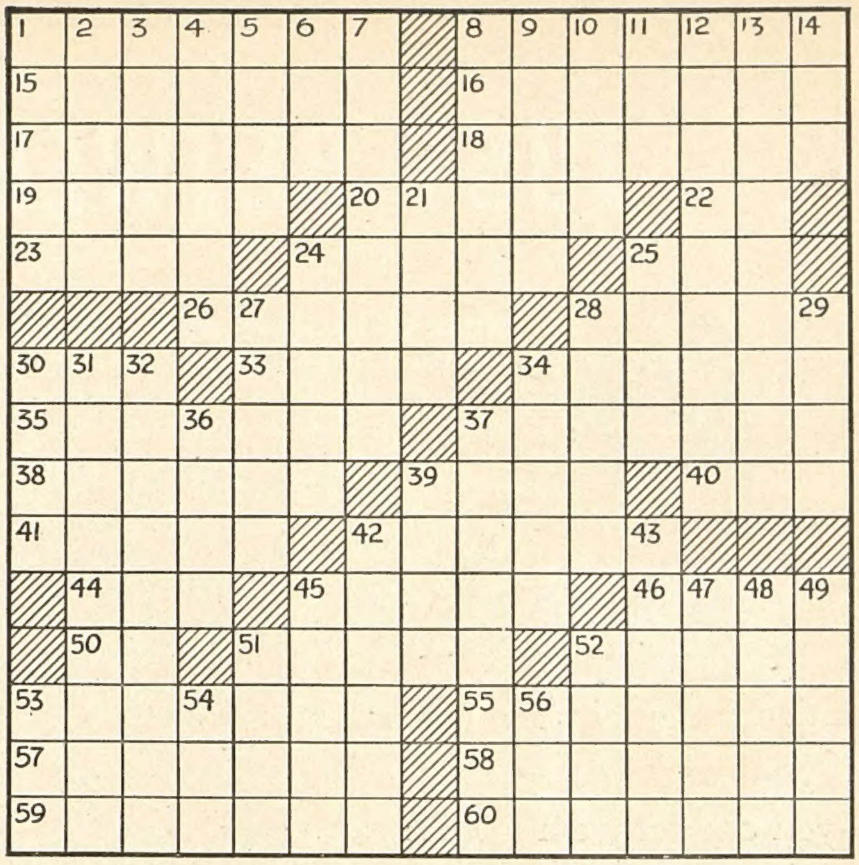


"I have a few dependents myself!"

★ ★ ★ ★ TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 6 ★ ★ ★ ★

COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

by Ted Shane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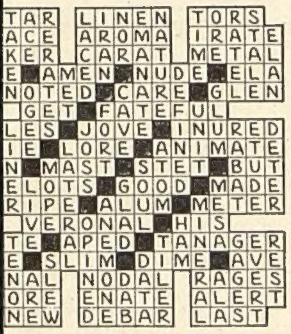
HORIZONTAL

1 Men sweating in alleys
8 Food of disillusion
15 Best cure is to forget it
16 Her name is on every drunken lip
17 Kipling hung him on a line (pl.)
18 Goes for a whirl
19 Tame oats
20 What Hedy does to a feller's peace
22 Embarrassment's alibi
23 What the Jap does
24 Gay City of the Dead
25 3,000
26 What Man o' War did
28 Bitter greetings from France
30 What Brooklynites would like to strike
33 Skid backward
34 A weak end on an oaf's shoulders
35 What a bore does evenings
37 Snappy little thing
38 The gourmet's delight
39 Gas station on a platform
40 Society for Conservation of Doodling (abbr.)
41 Old village pump
42 First stock-exchange system
44 2, 2 Li'l Abner
45 Bundles for Hirohito
46 The cussedest thing
50 All right: III minus 100 (still bet you don't get it!)
51 Careless
52 What Roman Hitlers fumed against
53 There's a strong smell of gas about it
55 There're two to every quarrel: men and women
57 Uses 300 words where 3 would do
58 Most backward thing in motordom
59 Yes, yes, yes
60 Boy wanted girl

VERTICAL

1 Conventional hang-out
2 Screamlined Italian
3 Splinter for the staff of life
4 $pread it on
5 Unbustable glass (var.)
6 Neutral Irish Ristslappers (abbr.)
7 What the well dressed Washington visitor wears to hear Sen. Windbagge (two words; pl.)
8 What Capone was for years
9 Likum muchum
10 Invitation to mischief
11 Zola minus his zipper
12 Evening clothes (simplified spelling)
13 Filled with ziss, boom, oomph
14 Fatal word
21 Greek deserter to Hitler
24 What Friday could do with his feet
25 What beautiful blondes do in the moonlight
27 Paris theater
28 Switched from horizontal in the A. M.
29 Tannery
30 Kind of cruiser
31 Tacks collectors (two words)
32 Loving-cup handles (two words)
34 Southern roughage
36 Kind of bridge that pulls away from you
37 Kinda hedge
39 What Germans yell when Russians blow them up
42 Early American guerrillas
43 Hitler is a rabble what?
45 Knock, from some people
47 Hang out the doodads (fem.)
48 Tight like a tight-rope walker
49 Defreshed the freshman (alternate spelling)
51 He'd eat the stripes off a zebra
52 I hope Japan chokes on this
53 Caesar hoped it'd be a good egg (pl.)
54 Mixed-up wager
56 You can fill this with ease!

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.


TAR LINEN TORS
ACE AROMA IRATE
KER CARAT METAL
E AMEN NUDE ELA
NOTED CARE GLEN
GET FATEFUL
LES JOVE INURED
IE LORE ANIMATE
N MAST STET BUT
ELOTS GOOD MADE
RIPE ALUM METER
VERONAL HIS
TE APED TANAGER
E SLIM DIME AVE
NAL NODAL RAGES
ORE ENATE ALERT
NEW DEBAR LAST

Last week's answer

"YUMMY, AREN'T THEY? AND THEY'LL TASTE EVEN BETTER SPREAD WITH PARKAY!"
NET WEIGHT ONE POUND
made by KRAFT
Parkay
9000 UNITS U.S.P. XI VITAMIN A ADDED PER POUND
THE DELICIOUS VEGETABLE
OLEOMARGARINE
WITH ADDED 1/10 OF 1% SODIUM BENZOATE AS A PRESERVATIVE AND VITAMIN A
KRAFT CHEESE COMPANY • MANUFACTURER • CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

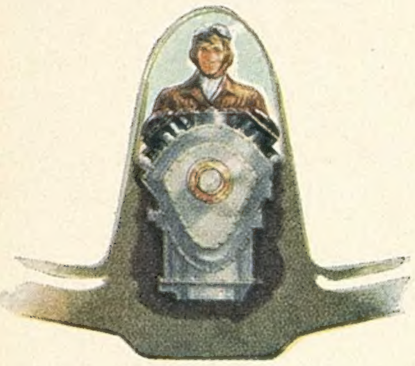
Yes, spread economical Parkay Margarine on those fresh-baked cinnamon rolls. It makes 'em tastier than ever! Parkay is a delicious spread for bread and biscuits, toast and rolls . . . it's the margarine that *tastes* so good. That's why Parkay is grand for cooking, too. It's a real *flavor*-shortening for baking . . . adds extra zest to pan-fried foods. Best of all, Parkay Margarine is wholesome and nourishing . . . it's one of the best *energy* foods you can serve. And every pound contains 9,000 (U.S.P. XI) units of important Vitamin A.

Made by the Makers of Miracle Whip Salad Dressing

FREE COOKIE RECIPES! For illustrated folder containing 11 delicious Parkay cookie recipes, write: Kraft Cheese Company, Dept. X, 500 Peshtigo Court, Chicago, Ill.

Tune in "The Great Gildersleeve" NBC Red Network Sunday Evenings

"No broader than a Pilot's Shoulder



THAT'S an important specification for an airplane engine, when you want every mile of speed you can get from a military fighter plane.

When you cut down wind-resistance, you get more good from horsepower and fuel, because it's less effort to push the plane through the air.

And only with a liquid-cooled engine can you build such a plane.

So General Motors undertook the long job of developing the Allison engine—starting back in 1930.

And now that thousands of these engines have gone into service, America can be glad that someone tackled that job.

THIS IS THE NOSE OF A PLANE WITH AN ALLISON ENGINE

Curtiss P-40 (U. S.)
The British call it "The Tomaha
or "The Kittihawk"

They're going into planes for the U. S. Army and the R. A. F. And they've been meeting the test of combat everywhere — in the Far East, the Middle East, Europe and Africa — as you read in the newspapers from day day. Each succeeding month, fact, adds to the evidence th the Allison engine is unsurpass for the job assigned to it.

The experience of General Motors is full-rounded and without bias in the airplane engine field. In addition to the liquid-cooled Allison engine, GM is under license to build air-cooled radial engines in its Buick and Chevrolet plants.

Bell Airacobra
U. S. and British designation

Lockheed P-38 Interceptor (U. S.)
The British call it "The Lightning"

North American Apache (U. S.)
The British call it "The Mustang"

LIQUID-COOLED AIRCRAFT ENGINES
Allison
DIVISION OF GM GENERAL MOTORS